

# The Sketch



No. 600.—VOL. XLVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



A SUMMER STUDY OF MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (MRS. FORBES-ROBERTSON).

*Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.*





HAD I the good fortune to be Editor of the Literary Supplement of *Tilt-Bits*, I should at once start a discussion on the subject, "Do Literary Men Eat Heavy Suppers?" I should open the discussion by quoting the painful experiences of Mr. Rider Haggard. On the night of Saturday, July 9, the celebrated author of "King Solomon's Mines" suffered from "a sense of awful oppression and of desperate and terrified struggling for life such as the act of drowning would probably involve." He was awakened from sleep by Mrs. Rider Haggard, who asked him, reasonably enough, why on earth he was making such "horrible and weird noises." Now it so happened that a certain retriever named Bob figured in the dream. Bob, although Mr. Haggard didn't know it, was away from home that night, and it was subsequently discovered that poor Bob had been killed by a train. Whereupon Mr. Rider Haggard came to the conclusion that Bob's death was the cause of his nightmare, and wrote to the Editor of the *Times* to say so. I am sorry that I cannot agree with him. It was odd, of course, that he should dream of the retriever when he was not aware that the animal was missing, but there the strange side of the story ends. We are still, however, left face to face with the prosaic fact that the distinguished author of "Jess," on the night of Saturday, July 9, ate something for supper that caused him to utter horrible and weird sounds in his sleep.

Having opened the discussion in this delightfully animated manner, I should then proceed to the case of Mr. Stephen Phillips. Mr. Phillips, it seems, took a house at Egham, and he is now anxious that the Psychical Research Society should have a look through the place and see if they can't find a ghost there. And why? Simply because the windows rattled and the doors sometimes came open of themselves. Anyone who has ever lived in an old-fashioned house will know the kind of things that Mr. Phillips means. Let us see, though, how the poet himself describes his symptoms—I mean, the ghostly incidents—to a representative of the *Daily Express*: "There were knockings and rappings," says he; "footfalls, soft and loud, hasty and stealthy; hurrys and scurrings, sounds as of a human creature being chased, caught, and then strangled or choked." So far, so conventional. "Doors banged, and were opened and closed unaccountably, as though by unseen hands." The very same thing is constantly happening to the door of the room in which I myself work. Up to the present, however, I have not been interviewed on the subject. "I would be sitting quietly in my study," Mr. Phillips repeats, "when the door would open soundlessly. That in itself was eerie enough, in the dead of night, to a man with his imagination aflame." May one, incidentally, congratulate Mr. Phillips on the fact that his imagination has been aflame?

There has reached me, quite by chance, a copy of a monthly periodical entitled *Occasional Papers*. I gather from the editorial paragraphs that the aims of the promoters are purely altruistic: in other words, *Occasional Papers* is not run to pay. "We believe," says the Editor, "the words of Epictetus, 'You will do the greatest service to the State if you shall raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of the citizens.'" I should like to express my gratitude to the Editor for the assurance that he believes the words of Epictetus. Under the circumstances, it is refreshing to learn that the first three numbers of *Occasional Papers* have been received with sympathy. The Editor, it is evident, dotes on sympathy. He says it is an everlasting force. I agree. "We have had sympathy without praise," he continues, "for sympathy is sincere: we have had sympathy with praise, for sympathy is stimulative." I agree. Mind you, I don't understand these remarks, but I feel sure they must be quite correct because they sound so clever. And besides, is not the Editor of *Occasional Papers* determined to raise my soul?

Let us climb higher. "While the word 'sympathy' is yet wet upon the paper," continues the Editor, "there flashes through our minds the optimistic sympathy of that great and beloved painter, G. F. Watts . . . His was a sympathetic personality, which will carry an ever-increasing influence through the ages. . . . We regret that we have had to raise our terms of Subscription by post." Don't you mention it, my dear sir. Nobody, I feel sure, who has had the good fortune to come across your superior publication will bother about the amount of the postage. So long as you can keep up your enthusiasm for Mr. G. K. Chesterton, that hardly-used man, such trivial matters as the cost of postage will never have an effect on the sale of your journal. For what Philistine, I ask you, would grudge the three half-pence that might bring to his very door such a gem of literature as Mr. Chesterton's contribution to your current number? Allow me, for the benefit of the uninitiated, to make one tiny extract. "In the same fashion," pipes the Bayswater Pet, "this Frenchman, Du Bellay, learnt in wandering among the most splendid things known to his time, the mystical circle of the Mediterranean and the terrible immortality of Rome, to feel how entirely unique and incomparable was his own tiny village, etc." A gem, you observe, in every line—"splendid things," "terrible immortality," "entirely unique." A little more of such stimulating stuff and my soul will have soared so high that I shall have lost sight of the poor little chap altogether.

And you, daring reader; are you willing to take the risk? Good: then we may turn to the part of *Occasional Papers* devoted, very graciously, to matters theatrical. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, it seems, has had the good fortune to come under the notice of the *Soul-Raiser's* theatrical expert. What is more, the expert is pleased with Mr. Forbes-Robertson. He declares that Mr. Forbes-Robertson is "the most interesting of all London actors. He is an actor, a true actor." Mr. Forbes-Robertson, I know, will read this appreciation with considerable satisfaction. No longer will a scurrilous Press be able to hint that he is a fishmonger or a bootmaker. *Occasional Papers* has laid it down, once and for all, that he is an actor. Again: "He is young." My dear Mr. Forbes-Robertson, I am more than delighted to hear it. To tell you the truth, I was beginning to think that there was no young person in London except myself.

But to continue with our extracts: "His gifts are not limited to one kind of play. He is generally admitted to be among the leading, if not the leading of our actors. And yet he is invariably unsuccessful." Hallo! What's this? Perhaps we had better hurry forward. At any rate, the critic enjoyed himself thoroughly at the Duke of York's Theatre. This theatre, he admits, "is a charming place in which to witness a play. It is refreshing to be able to walk out between the Acts, smoke a cigarette on the balcony, and throw the end upon the heads of people as they surge up and down St. Martin's Lane." In other words, it is refreshing to take a superior view of one's fellow-creatures. Poor beggars! It's a good job that some of us are both competent and willing to raise their souls, even though, in moments of relaxation, we may throw ends of cigarettes upon their heads.

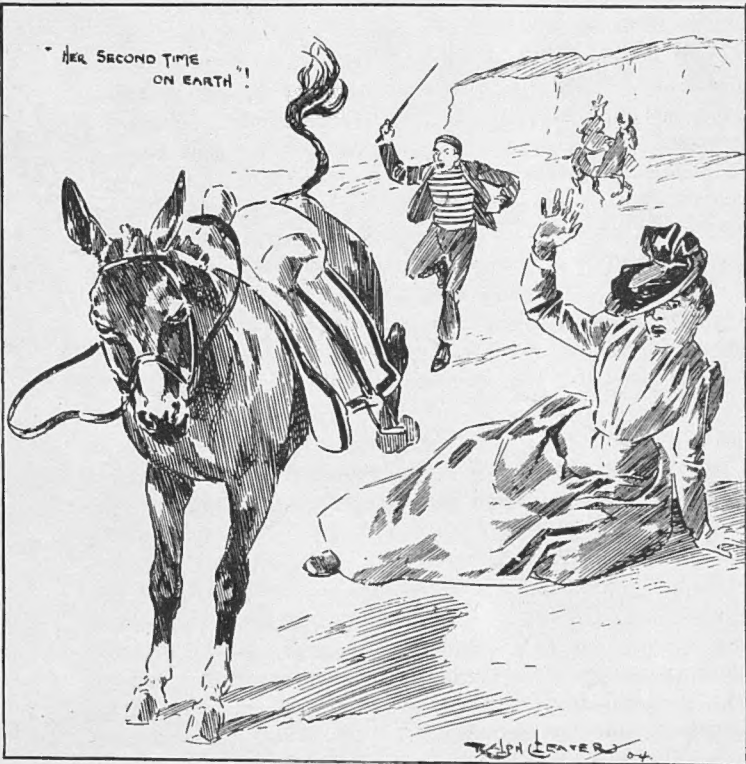
#### THINGS I CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

(By way of anticipating my kind contemporaries, I may say that this series will be continued indefinitely.)

(1) Why the *Pall Mall Gazette* should say: "August 8 is chosen for the first performance of Miss Constance Fletcher's new play, 'A Man and His Wife,' which is to be the first venture of Mr. C. M. Hallard in management. The full cast is now published. It will be remembered that both these gentlemen appear themselves."



BY THE MAD SEA WAVES.





## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Red Sea Heat—The Pendjeh Incident.*

QUITE apart from the serious side of the question, I feel very sorry for the Russian officers and men of the two Volunteer cruisers in the Red Sea, as well as for the Europeans of the *Malacca's* crew and the passengers, for there is no place on the earth where at this time of the year it is more uncomfortable to be than half-way down that same Red Sea, and I should be surprised



THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TOMB SINCE THE COMPLETION OF THE DESIGN. PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL SANCTION OF THE KING.

*Taken by Russell and Sons, Windsor.*

if tempers were not very short on both sides in the parleying which went on between Russians and Britons.

The Red Sea heat in the summer is a damp, sticky heat, and during the four or five days that the passage down the Sea takes no one feels energy more than sufficient to get to a long cane-chair after breakfast and to remain there till lunch, and, after lunch, to loll about again until the sun sets behind the mountains to the west, when the inevitable walk on deck is taken before the dinner-hour. I have always found that in the Red Sea everybody, except myself, of course, walks the deck in some objectionable manner. One's fellow-passengers either walk too fast, almost treading on one's heels, or they walk too slow and get in one's way. They go in couples or threes and take up all the width of the deck, or straggle in long lines. Nowhere else does this seem a personal insult except in the Red Sea in summer weather. The clothes of a passenger in the Red Sea, however light they may be, stick to him all the summer-day, and the shirt he puts on for dinner crumples up before he has regained the deck. Round the neck and on the arms little red patches come, and "prickly heat," the most irritating of all minor ills, adds to the voyager's other troubles and prevents him from sleeping. If there are any children on the ship, they cry all day long, and all novels seem to be dull, all food tasteless, during the journey down this steaming Sea.

A little breeze is generally abroad for a day's sailing after Suez, and some comforting zephyrs come up through the Aden Straits and meet the ship by the time she reaches Perim; but in the middle stretches of the sea at this time of the year there is no wind of any kind, and the only relief obtained from the heat comes from the current of air the ship makes by her speed. To be stopped dead-still for an hour or two and then to be sent back through the steamy heat over the oily sea to Suez must have tried such fine old Indian tempers as may have been on board the *Malacca* to the uttermost. I fancy, however, that the Russians on the two ships lying in wait for merchantmen must suffer even worse than their captives. Ice and fresh vegetables, eggs and fresh butter, and the lightest of food become not luxuries but necessities in the Red Sea, and the Russian ships probably have none of these. The Russians will, no doubt, have plenty of fresh fish. A fish diet is good for the brain, and will certainly benefit the captors of the *Malacca*, who seem to have been very deficient of grey thinking-matter.

The strained relations which the seizure of the *Malacca* brought about has set the gossips of the Clubs talking of the Pendjeh affair, when Great Britain was within an ace of demanding the retirement of the Russians from the Afghan territory and of backing the demand by force. Peace or war lay in the hands of one man, the late Ameer of Afghanistan, father of the present ruler. He was in British territory, for he had come over the border to be present at a great Durbar. The story, as I have always heard it told, runs that

the Viceroy asked him if he wished the British to interfere. The Ameer asked that he might be shown a map and that the corner of territory taken by the Russians should be pointed out to him. He looked at the tiny fringe outlined on the paper, and then swept his hand over the rest of his broad dominions. "With all this, what does that little matter?" he said—and there was no war.

There is more courtesy just now between Russians and Afghans than there was when the grey-coated soldiers routed the Afghan levies on the border, and the Russian commander on the frontier has been able to do the Ameer a favour which the latter is not likely to forget. One Mirza Darwesh was collecting taxes on the border, and, when he had taken all the money he could collect, he crossed into Russian territory with his servants and family. There he thought he would be safe, but the Russian commander sent him back with all the stolen money.

Mirza is not likely to thief again, for the Ameer has ordered his eyes to be cut out and his ears to be cut off, and his servants have been treated in the same manner. This is very merciful for an Afghan sentence. The father of the present Ameer would have hung Mirza and his servants and his family in iron cages from the tops of towers, and left them to starve to death, as a warning to other tax-collectors.

The special engagement of Miss Henrietta Cowen, by the Directors of the Cardiff Festival, to recite the words of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to Mendelssohn's music, and also "The Desert," to the setting of Félicien David, on Sept. 24, is but, as it were, a return to first principles on the part of an actress whose performances are always endowed with that truth which is, on Keats's authority, the synonym for beauty. Before she devoted herself to the purposes of the drama, Miss Cowen had won a great reputation for herself as a reciter. Indeed, many people considered her to be one of the few real reciters of whom London could boast.

The British public have received with much satisfaction the news of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein's recovery from the operation which Her Royal Highness lately underwent at the Prince Christian Victor Nursing Home at Windsor. It is well known that Queen Victoria was in a very special sense attached to the elder daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, and during the last years of our late venerable Sovereign's life this favourite grand-daughter was constantly with her, and on more than one occasion accompanied the Queen abroad.

The young Princess takes an enthusiastic interest in the many philanthropic schemes with which her popular mother is so much connected. She felt most deeply the death of her gallant soldier-brother, and will, it is hoped, be sufficiently well in health to accompany Princess Christian during the latter's forthcoming voyage to South Africa, which has for special object that of visiting the grave of Prince Christian Victor.



THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR NURSING HOME AT WINDSOR: HERE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN IS RECOVERING FROM HER OPERATION FOR APPENDICITIS.

*Photograph by Russell and Sons, Windsor.*



## MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT LEAVING THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.



*This Photograph was taken on the steps of Lumley Court, Strand, just outside the stage-door of the Vaudeville. It will be remembered that Madame Bernhardt has recently been appearing at this theatre, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in a series of matinées of "Pelléas et Mélisande."*

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Royal sojourn at Goodwood House is of special interest owing to the fact that the famous Sussex seat of the Duke of Richmond has been lent by its noble owner to the King and Queen, who are there entertaining their own house-party, while the Duke and his children are spending Goodwood Week at Molcomb House, which is actually within Goodwood Park and was for many years the residence of the Duke

while he was yet Lord March. This is also the Queen's first visit to Goodwood for over ten years. The prettiest racecourse in Europe has pleasant memories for both their Majesties: during many years of their joint lives they were each July entertained with magnificent hospitality by the late Duke of Richmond and his kindly Duchess—a niece, by the way, of Greville the diarist. There also the then Prince and Princess of Wales once had the pleasure of showing the Sport of Kings under its happiest auspices to the late Emperor of Russia and to Her Majesty's much-loved sister, the Empress Dagmar.

### *Some Goodwood Hosts.*

Although the Duke of Richmond is lord-paramount of Goodwood, for he is sole owner of the lovely racecourse, and he has supervised every item of the arrangements which have lately been made in connection with the new Stand and the Royal Pavilion, the beautiful country lying round about Arundel and Chichester is rich in noted hosts and hostesses. Quite near to the course, down one of the steepest hills in the South of England, lies West Dean Park, a splendid mansion now the property of Mr. Willie James, and where he and his pretty wife are this week entertaining a number of friends, including the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Further off is Petworth House, from whence Lord Leconfield brings over each year a large house-party, for whom are reserved special accommodation both on the Grand Stand and under the Birdless Grove, which is a most distinctive feature of the pretty Lawn. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, much to the disappointment of the neighbourhood, are in Ireland this week, so Arundel Castle will not be represented at Goodwood. Other charming places within driving distance of the racecourse are Earham, the seat of Sir John Milbanke, V.C., Halnaker, which at one time used to be taken each year by the late Duke of Westminster, Slindon House, and Dale Park.

### *Notable New Engagements.*

The engagement of the moment is that of pretty Miss Pauline Astor, the only daughter of the millionaire proprietor of Cliveden, Hever Castle, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to Captain Spender Clay, a popular man-about-town, who was at one time in the 2nd Life Guards, and who is himself possessed of a large fortune. Miss Astor is very cultivated and musical; she has been simply brought up, and not at all à l'Américaine as regards the inevitable chaperon.

Another engagement arousing much interest in Society is that of Lady Ulrica Duncombe, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Feversham, to Colonel Everard Baring, the Aide-de-Camp and Military Secretary of Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Lady Ulrica is wonderfully beautiful; indeed, she is one of a group of three lovely sisters, of which the other two are Lady Helen Vincent and

Lady Cynthia Graham. She is, of course, an aunt of Lord Helmsley. The Duke of Rutland's only daughter, Lady Eleanor Harbord, is about to marry for the third time, her bridegroom-elect being Mr. Herbert Magniac, one of Lord Castletown's nephews.

### *A Versatile Great Lady.*

The Countess of Warwick will certainly remain in the social history of our own time as the most versatile of great ladies. Whatever she sets her hand to she does with her whole might, and there is scarcely a facet of our complicated modern life with which she has not become familiar. She had scarce returned from the great Women's Congress lately held in Berlin before she was presiding at a meeting which had for its object the advancement of what may be called the agricultural woman. Both Warwickshire and Essex owe much to her quick intelligence and practical mind. It has always been Lady Warwick's dream to see rural England sufficing to the needs of the United Kingdom, and she was one of the first to realise that the working lady might well turn her mind to the higher branches of gardening, with a view to providing herself with a pleasant and lucrative livelihood. The beautiful Countess is now the mother of two sons and two daughters.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



*Lady Juliette Duff.* Among the younger members of the Court world, Lady Juliette Duff, the only child of Lady de Grey, occupies an enviable position. The King and Queen are both very fond of her, and her marriage was the first function of the kind attended by their Majesties after the Accession. As Lady Juliette Lowther, Captain Duff's young wife quite broke the record in the matter of being bridesmaid; indeed, she made her informal debut in Society in that capacity at the wedding of Lord Crewe and Lady Peggy Primrose.

Lady Juliette shares her mother's love of music, and she is constantly at the Opera. She is very accomplished, having spent much of her early girlhood in Paris, where Lady de Grey used to spend a certain portion of each year. Lady Juliette is one of an interesting group of cousins which includes Lord Pembroke's daughters and the children of Sir Hubert and Lady Maud Parry.

*Miss Violet Corry.* Miss Violet Lowry-Corry, who was married last Wednesday, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to one of Lord Brassey's nephews, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brassey, is a niece of the late Lord Rowton, and a sister of that Major Lowry-Corry who inherited the late philanthropic Peer's wealth and priceless Beaconsfield relics. Miss Corry has accompanied her mother, Mrs. Armar Corry, in many extended expeditions.

*The All Night Sitting.* A sitting of twenty-six hours is a great feat even for our much-enduring House of Commons. Meeting at two o'clock one afternoon, it remained at work till about four o'clock next afternoon.

During the greater part of the time, the Budget Bill was under discussion, and the Prime Minister forced it through Committee before the rising of the House, but the sitting overlapped the time for the next day's sitting, and, accordingly, the latter never took place. A day was dropped out of the calendar!

*The New Leaders.* Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd-George were the leaders of the Opposition during the all-night struggle with the Government. On the front bench were Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Sydney Buxton, with the Chief Liberal Whip, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, but the young men below the Gangway were most conspicuous. Mr. Churchill irritated his old friends by his sneers and gibes at Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and he was frequently interrupted in a persistent manner. The Conservatives cheered Mr. Claude Lowther's sarcastic suggestion that Mr. Churchill was suffering from beri-beri, "one of the symptoms being a terrific swelling of the head."

A large number of members remained at the House till morning in evening-dress. When the sunlight filled the Chamber they looked crumpled and ruffled, fagged and weary. Some of them sent home for other clothes at break of day; a few

paired and joined their families at breakfast when members who had spent the night comfortably in bed arrived at the House. An Irish wag suggested that all the available champagne was drunk during the night, but tea was much more in favour than wine or spirits. There was no disorder during the long sitting, and, although the Radicals protested vehemently against the closure, the proceedings were, on the whole, good-tempered.

*Retiring Members.* Among Conservative veterans who have recently announced their intention to retire at the General Election are Sir John Aird, Sir John Dorington, and Sir William Houldsworth. They have all reached threescore-and-ten and have sat in Parliament since middle-age. Sir John Aird's long beard has turned grey, but the glow of his eye is unabated and he will be missed at Westminster by a host of friends. Sir John Dorington is one of those moderate men who are said to be at a discount nowadays, but who are listened to with great respect. A country gentleman from Gloucestershire, he is an authority on local administration and a Privy Councillor. A prominent part in Parliamentary life, specially in reference to Lancashire and licensing questions, has been taken by Sir William Houldsworth. In recent years Sir William has been recognised as a Conservative leader of temperance reform. He is in favour even of a Sunday Closing Bill for England.

*A Hospitable Member.* Colonel Lockwood, whose hospitality is as conspicuous as his button-hole bouquet, has been again entertaining a group of Lobby journalists. They were entertained at his splendid place in Essex, Bishop's Hall, where they admired his gardens and stables, his grounds and conservatories. Although a keen Party-man and a devoted supporter of the Government, for whom he cheers and votes with great cordiality, he is as popular on the one side of the House as the other. Amiability is his recommendation to his political opponents.

*Dinner for Lazy M.P.'s.* The "slackness" of the private member, serious as it is to the Government, has its lighter side even for the Unionist supporters, and the suggestions for its alleviation have been as amusing as they have often been impossible. Not the least ingenious of the ideas, falling into both categories emanates from Mr. Henniker-Heaton.

The member for Canterbury sees behind the lack of energy undue devotion to the flesh-pots, and seeks to remedy the matter by bringing the mountain to Mahomet in order to prevent Mahomet's too frequent excursion to the mountain. Firm in the conviction that the dinner-bell must now become accessory to the division-bell, he suggests placing the one within sound of the other by proposing a series of "snap-division dinners" to be given only to those who have a record for bad attendance at the House. An invitation to the "feast for the lazy" will not be an unmixed compliment.



LADY JULIETTE DUFF, ONLY CHILD OF LADY DE GREY.

Photograph by Fellowes Willson, Bedford Gardens, W.



MISS VIOLET LOWRY-CORRY, MARRIED TO MR. ROBERT BINGHAM BRASSEY LAST WEDNESDAY AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



Mr. "Willie"  
Grenfell.

Whether, as the gossips foretell, he is appointed Governor-General of Canada in succession to the Earl of Minto or not, Mr. W. H. Grenfell is sure to have something good before long. He is not yet fifty, and, with his handsome, good-humoured, kindly face, and stalwart frame, is equally popular in Society, among politicians, and among athletes. Though sprung from the great banking family of Grenfells, he has devoted himself to sport and politics rather than finance, and certainly his affection for the bimetallist heresy would not be favoured in the City. He has managed to cram a great deal into his life. At Harrow he played in the eleven, and then he went up to Balliol, and not only rowed in the Oxford eight for two years, but was also the first string for Oxford in the Three Miles at the University Sports, being President of both the Athletic and the Boat Clubs. Thereafter he developed into a mighty Nimrod in India and the "Rockies," climbed the High Alps, and swam twice across Niagara. Moreover, he stroked an eight across the Channel, and put in some time as Special Correspondent in the Suakim Campaign. Mr. Grenfell brought the same versatility into politics. He first stood for Windsor as a Liberal, but not even the fact that he was Punting Champion of the Thames could get him in. However, he got in for Salisbury, and, later, for Hereford, being for a time private secretary to Sir William Harcourt. Now, having entirely changed his political views, he sits for Wycombe Division as a Conservative. Mrs. Grenfell, who is co-heiress to the Barony of Butler, was known as the beautiful Miss Fane, and is one of the most intellectual members of the great world, taking an equal interest in literature and art.

Lady Diana  
Manners.

Lady Diana Manners, the lovely younger daughter of Lord and Lady Granby, recalls her beautiful mother at the same age. Few young girls belonging to the great world have been more often and more successfully portrayed with pen, pencil, and brush. Many have been the great artists who have tried to transfer Lady Diana's childish charm to canvas, and she has long been Lady Granby's most delightful and most patient sitter. The elder of Lady Granby's daughters, Lady Marjorie Manners, has inherited her mother's artistic gifts, and she is certainly the foremost amateur artist of her age in Society.

A South African  
Lady Artist.

Miss May Carlisle, the charming South African artist, first sprang into fame as the painter of a portrait of Mr. Cecil Rhodes—which was, by the way, a commission from Mr. Beit. Although



MISS MAY CARLISLE, THE WELL-KNOWN  
MINIATURE-PAINTER.

Photograph by Fellows Willson, Bedford Gardens, W.

her first sitters having been the Princess of Wales, then Duchess of York. She also did a striking miniature of the late Sovereign, which was presented by the venerable sitter to her eldest son. Miss Carlisle is a sister, by the way, of that charming actress, Miss Sybil Carlisle.

A Popular Anglo-  
Indian Hostess.

hospitality of Anglo-Indians to one another. Lady Elliot, the wife of Sir Edward Locke Elliot, was herself a soldier's daughter, and her marriage to the distinguished officer whose name she bears took place some ten years ago. He commanded a column in South Africa, and took part in the last campaign which practically ended the long South African War. Shortly after, he was re-appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry in India, since which time he and Lady Elliot have been master and mistress of

India is the land of popular hostesses. Nowhere in the world is the passing stranger treated more kindly, and nothing can exceed the open-handed



LADY ELLIOT, WIFE OF GENERAL  
SIR EDWARD LOCKE ELLIOT.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

one of the pleasantest houses in Simla, the quaintly named "Craig Dhu."

War-Babies.

The unfortunate English babies who will later on be tempted to anathematise their parents for naming them. "Mafeking" Baden-Powell Brown," or "Colenso Ladysmith Kimberley Smith," may find some small consolation in the thought that others are destined to suffer under the peculiar patriotism that has so embarrassingly overloaded them with initials, and also thank their stars that they are not subjects of the Czar. There are now innocent Russian youngsters who will one day discover that they are called "Vladivostok," "Retvisan," or "Gromoboi," and at least two who will bless heartily the priest who saved them from "Liaoyang" and "Kiuliencheng" by the substitution of "Luba" and "Katherina."

Russia's Peace  
Terms.

Once again, in the ingenuousness and fulness of her heart, Russia, as represented by one of her papers, has announced her terms of peace with Japan, although in this instance it is not proclaimed that they will be signed in Tokio. The stipulations are divided into three heads: "Every Japanese to withdraw from Manchuria and Korea; Japan to pay the cost of the war, which she began; and Japan to cede to Russia the Island of Tsushima, which lies dangerously near the mainland, thus tempting the Japanese to venturesome undertakings beyond their proper sphere." Meanwhile, the *Novoe Vremya* begs leave to doubt whether the capture of Kaiping is good for the victors, remarking that the Russians evacuated Moscow and left it in the hands of Napoleon in order to preserve their army, and arguing that, as the evacuation of Moscow resulted in evil to the French, so will the evacuation of Kaiping be disastrous to the Japanese.

Marshal Oyama.

The aged Marshal Oyama, who has just gone to the Front to direct the great operations which are impending in the Far East, has one thing in common with Admiral Alexeieff, for they are both Viceroys of Manchuria. The Marshal is not a tall man, according to our standards, but he is possessed of enormous strength, and in his younger days was a champion wrestler. In the war with China, Oyama commanded the army which captured Port Arthur, and was made a Field-Marshal for his services on that occasion.

The Prince of  
Waterloo.

After the Battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington was created Prince of Waterloo, and four pensions were conferred on him and his descendants. A Belgian paper states that in the Great Book of the Belgian Public Debt there are four entries every year of payments to the Prince of Waterloo. They are 80,106 fr. 14 c., 492 fr., 35 fr. 89 c., and 3 fr. 47 c., or a total of not much over three thousand pounds.



LADY DIANA MANNERS, YOUNGER DAUGHTER  
OF LORD AND LADY GRANBY.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

born in South Africa, her artistic gifts were developed in Europe—first in London, where she studied with Mr. Sidney Starr, and then in Paris. There she worked hard at Julian's famous cosmopolitan studio, the place of which poor Marie Bashkirtseff has left so imperishable a picture. In Paris Miss Carlisle won four medals, and then she turned her attention to pastel and miniature work, one of



*Southsea Pier Destroyed.*

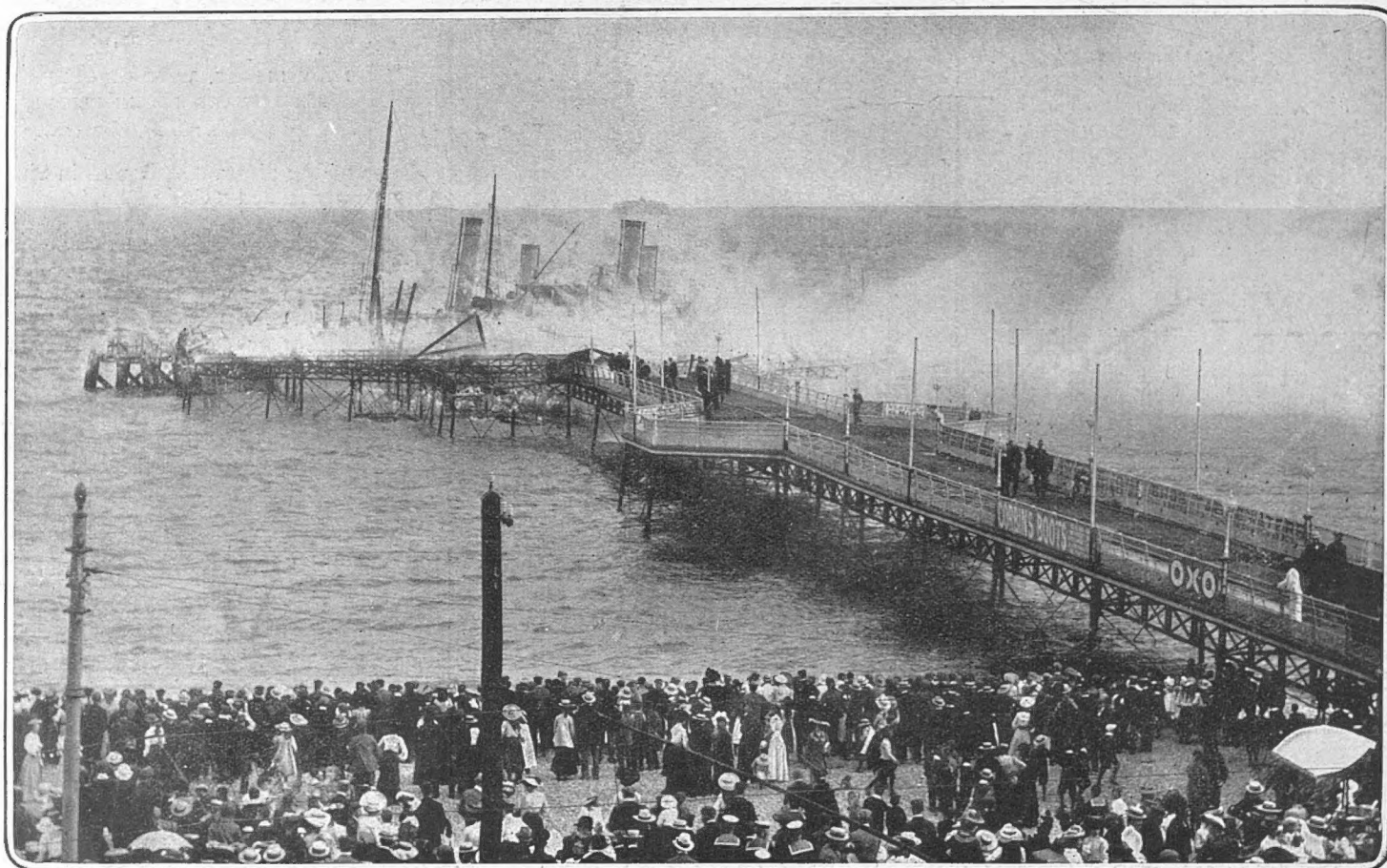
In the minds of most people Portsmouth is associated more with its famous Dockyard, its memories of Nelson, and as the most important of our Naval Ports than as a pleasure resort; but those more familiar with the place know that it possesses peculiar attractions for those folk who enjoy a seaside holiday best when it is combined with amusement, music, and plenty of life. Southsea, with its sea-trips, its breezy common, its Castle, and commodious Pavilion, where the best of military and vocal music might daily be heard, has always been an especial favourite. The South Parade Pier and Pavilion are now, however, things of the past, for on Tuesday of last week, while a performance was taking place in the latter, a fire broke out, and in an incredibly short time the pier was utterly destroyed, and within twenty minutes the Pavilion, which, owing to the dry weather, burned with great rapidity, had dropped into the sea. Fortunately, however, the audience was comparatively small, and the exits being ample, no lives were lost; but had the Pavilion been crowded to its full capacity a terrible disaster must have occurred, since it provided seating accommodation for something like nine hundred people.

*The Tallest Boy.*

England is the proud possessor of the strongest boy, and America of the fattest girl, and now Germany puts in a claim for the tallest schoolboy. Unlike the record-breakers in Peckham and Kentucky, the Berlin youth has only grown

happened with tropical suddenness. Bozel is a little place, with not quite twelve thousand souls in it. These men, women, and children were at their doors the other evening, literally gasping for air. Bozel is in a valley, the thermometer was at 104, and clouds were gathering in a copper-coloured sky under the mountains. Suddenly the storm burst and an icy wind swept through Bozel. The people watched the big hailstones pattering and were delighted at the freshness, when a regular water-spout swept down the valley.

Within five seconds from the bursting of the great spout the entire town of Bozel was a rushing stream of water, mud, great stones, and trees. The houses fell like cards, and the only sounds heard above the roaring of the water were the screams of people and of cattle. And the horror of it all was increased by the darkness. One literally could not see one's hand before one's face, and panic naturally reigned. Among the most awful things which happened was the sweeping away of a baby in its cradle. The mother tore after it, and was swallowed up in the oozing mud which the water-rush had left behind, and perished within a few feet of her husband, who, in the darkness, could not find her. The next morning when the sun rose Bozel was a heap of scattered ruins in a bed of mud. Some twenty-seven people are known to have been killed, others are missing still. Strangely enough, this is the second time that a catastrophe of this kind has befallen Bozel. The first one occurred in 1874.



THE BURNING OF SOUTHSEA PIER (JULY 19).

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

upwards and has neglected breadth altogether, for he is extremely thin and narrow-shouldered. But in height he is remarkable, for, though he is not much over sixteen years of age, he is seven feet two inches tall. Like most giants, he is very good-natured, and is popular with his schoolfellows, but, what is far more remarkable, he is a hard worker and of considerable mental attainments, so that he is well up to, if not more advanced than, most boys of his age.

*The Heat-Wave in Paris.*

I am anticipating a deputation from the Boulevards to the Academy, for the purpose of petitioning for new language to meet the present condition of the weather here in Paris (writes our Correspondent). You have it hot in London, but the Boulevardier smiles when, after reading columns in the halfpenny papers of the horrors of the heat, he gets down to hard facts and sees what the thermometer is doing. One hundred degrees in the shade has been comparatively cool for Paris these days, and so hot has the weather been that the Boulevards have nothing hard about them, not even facts. Ice is a swiftly vanishing luxury—a restaurant landlord and a customer fought for a piece of it the other day, and compromised eventually at a franc a lump—and now water is giving out. Water in Paris has a knack of giving out whenever there is any special need for it.

But in the little town of Bozel, near Brides-les-Bains, they have had water enough in all conscience. The whole thing seems to have

*A New National Theatre.*

We are always being told in London that we ought to have a National Theatre, and that Art will never be in a proper position until we do so, but we seem to have one or two other matters on which to spend our money. But in the smaller capitals of Europe a National Theatre and a National Opera House seem to be absolute necessities, and Sofia is about to be brought into line with the rest of the world as far as a theatre goes. Prince Ferdinand has now decided to build a house in his capital, and has invited a number of architects to compete for the design, he himself contributing largely towards the cost. When the National Theatre is built, the next thing will be to discover a National Drama, but that will be a considerably more difficult task.

*Water-Poetry.*

Birmingham, aided and abetted by the London and North-Western Railway, turning on its water, has also turned on its poet. Not content with the conventional corner, this gentleman's effusion has found space in placards on the wall—

Ho! citizens of Birmingham,  
Ye loyal men and true,  
Now haste you to Rhayader,  
Your waterworks to view.

Who shall say that the poet has no patrons? The Poet Laureate's pay should now take the form of a cask of "Nature's wine," rather than that of the richer butt of sherry.



# SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN,"

MR. W. S. GILBERT'S PARODY OF "HAMLET," PERFORMED AT THE GARRICK LAST WEEK.

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.")



CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL AS HAMLET, MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY AS OPHELIA, AND MR. LEO TREVOR AS ROSENCRANTZ.



LADY COLIN CAMPBELL AS QUEEN GERTRUDE AND MR. W. S. GILBERT AS KING CLAUDIUS OF DENMARK.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

LAST Monday week, July 18, at about 4.45 p.m., I sat in my train and witnessed a robbery. The train was at rest in Waterloo Station on the way to Charing Cross, and, as I watched the crowd of people who were escaping from it, a tall woman in a blue dress dropped her purse. Two or three men passed forward without seeing it, and then a young fellow with small black moustache and a peaked cap stooped down, without checking his pace, picked up the purse, a little green-leather one, so far as I could see, thrust it between shirt and waistcoat, and walked on unnoticed by all save me. Perhaps the engine noticed the theft, too, for it emitted something that was half grunt and half groan in imitation of a whistle, and dragged the slow length of carriages in the direction of the terminus. If journalism declines to support me further, and I am driven, in search of an easy life, to become a policeman, I shall have a keen eye for that nimble-fingered young man with the peaked cap.

The Germans cannot be such impossible people, after all. I read in a daily paper that a swallow was caught by the foot in the rain-spout of a house in Berlin's Markus-Strasse a few days ago. A crowd of people watched the poor bird's struggles and could not help it to escape. Suddenly one of the crowd summoned the Fire Brigade. Up it came, put out a telescope-ladder, and a fireman promptly went up and set the bird free. I confess that little incident has given me a thrill of friendly feeling towards the good-hearted Berliners that no amount of visits by men-of-war could give birth or development to. I would be proud to shake hands with the men who raced to end a wee bird's suffering, and I would gladly buy them a gallon or two of the best lager-beer. The men who go out of their way to do a kind action like this are my friends, though I have never seen them.

I am ready to make excuses for everybody during the very hot weather, but "our own Correspondent" who sends from Rome to my evening paper tit-bits of personal gossip about the King or the Pope grieves me sadly. Last week, he wrote as follows about Pius X.: "Like all innovators, he is raising a hornet's-nest about his ears which must sting considerably and will be sure to give him much trouble before it is calmed." Now my evening paper is a very superior affair. I believe that even the office-boy is a graduate of Oxford, and no man who was not a party to the Charge of the Light Brigade or a recipient of the "V.C." is allowed to sell the paper in the streets. It has most exclusive news, not always true, but nearly always readable, and if I had the wealth I would always pay twopence for it, feeling, as I do, that one base copper coin is, at best, too small a price to pay for ten or twelve pages of wit and wisdom. But that hornet's-nest worries me out of my old-time respect. Do

hornet's-nests sting? How does an innovator raise one about his ears? And, finally, how do you calm a hornet's-nest? I'm a bit of a countryman in my way, but these problems baffle me.

Now that the brilliant Opera Season is over, I feel at liberty to comment upon the strange behaviour of certain of the Opera's patrons. In the months of May, June, and July I do not spend my evenings in the train, and it happens frequently that I find myself in Covent Garden. This year the King and Queen have been there very often; I think the Queen has thirty visits to her record, and the King over twenty. Several times I have seen visitors go out by way of the box used by the King, and turn deliberately to stare in fashion that is certainly rude and may be offensive. Many people behave in strange

fashion when they go to the Opera. The other evening, my neighbour, a gentleman from across the Atlantic, asked me to tell him who were the occupants of the Royal Box, and in a weak moment I did so. "And now," he went on, "I'll be obliged if you'll just point out to me the interesting people in the other boxes. It's many years since I was in London, and the faces aren't familiar any longer." And he seemed quite vexed when I explained that love of music took me to the Opera, and that I could not minister to my own wants and to his at the same time.

It is my custom to study the news-bills of the afternoon papers, in order to see where I may part with my money to the greatest advantage, and I fancy that sub-editors know my weakness, for the amount and variety of the attractions put forward are quite remarkable. One day

last week, when the world seemed to move in quietest fashion and there was no hint of trouble save in the Red Sea, where Russian men-of-war were appropriating British merchantmen, I was struck by the variety of items presented for sale. "Death of Herbert Campbell" filled one poster, and I thought with a sigh of the clever and kindly old fellow who had delighted me in far-off pantomime days. "Cricket Edition, Melbourne Lady Crushed to Death," seemed a badly jointed production, and I would have none of it. "All the Winners and S.P." seemed crudely commercial, and "Release of Adolph Beck" in war-type head-lines left me cold, because I have no idea who the gentleman may be and why he needed releasing. Yet I was looking at the efforts of London's smartest sub-editors. And then I thought of the one effort to which all London had responded a week before, a simple appeal without much literary style or grace, but, withal, something that went home to the great heart of the people and stayed there. It was a poster filled with a simple comment upon the universal topic of the hour. "Ain't it 'ot?" was all the poster said, but you felt that the words came from the heart, and that one touch of nature made the whole world kin.



A TYPE OF JAPANESE CAVALRY.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.



THE OBSERVATIONS OF LOUIS WAIN.



*Louis Wain.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN" AND "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

MR. GILBERT'S burlesque is a capital piece of fun—not, indeed, up to the standard of the best Gilbert, but quite good enough, when played with the strange cast of dramatists, to produce a brilliant entertainment. One has but to give a list of the names of the principal performers—Mr. Gilbert himself, to begin with, Sir Francis Burnand, Captain Robert Marshall, Lady Colin Campbell, Miss Clo Graves, and Mrs. Ryley—to show that the affair was unique, and also that a good deal of the success was due to what may be called adventitious circumstances. Everybody seemed delighted, and it may be guessed that the amateur players enjoyed the fun quite as much as did the audience, which may sound a little malicious, for I understand that in ordinary amateur performances the players have most of the amusement. This, however, is quite an extraordinary amateur affair, and certainly the distinguished authors accomplished their task very cleverly. I do not know whether it is wise of the Press to give praise individually, for it may lead to some of the writers forsaking the limited ranks of the acted and joining the appalling throng of the unacting. The mere thought of such a catastrophe, of course, causes me to shudder.

A notice appeared in a daily paper upon the revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" treating the play almost as if it were a novelty. There is a great temptation to go a little further and to write concerning the drama as though it were given the other night for absolutely the first time, and approach it with a mind coloured by the mass of events which have occurred since 1893. Probably a critic yielding to the temptation would be greatly impressed by its freshness. It would still seem to have a good deal of the element of surprise that caused the real *première* to create a sensation and induced some of us to proclaim, too sanguinely, that its first night would be as important a date in theatrical history as that of "Hernani." Of course, it did lead to a crop of more or less meritorious imitations, and works by no means imitations and yet, in a sense, similar in style. Still, though the woman with a past became something of a nuisance and quite a byword, Paula Wray stands out and apart as a vivid, tragic figure, drawn unsparingly and brilliantly from life with such a sure, strong touch that it is difficult to believe the character will fail to live as long as our present form of civilisation.

One naturally wonders whether the play has had any practical influence on life; sermons, no doubt, sometimes produce conversions, even if the majority only cause boredom, and there are stories of plays that have affected conduct. It would be interesting to know whether the work has prevented any men from imitating the splendid folly of Aubrey Tanqueray in marrying a woman of the Paula stratum. Probably the Aubrey Tanquerays will persuade themselves that their Paula is not Pinero's, and therefore the warning does not apply, and also—and here there is a legitimate criticism of the play—will rely on the fact that it does not follow that the coincidence connecting the wife and the step-daughter with Captain Ardale employed by Pinero to bring about the conclusion of the catastrophe will arise in ordinary cases. A difficult question raised.

Tested by the sternest canons, the employment of the coincidence diminishes the dignity of the work by removing from the tragedy the feeling that it is inevitable. The play is so human that one is curious to know what would have happened if Ellean had not met

Captain Ardale. Presumably, there still would have been a catastrophe, but deferred longer. Indeed, part of the quality of the play lies in the conviction produced that the marriage was but the temporary union of oil and vinegar. Still, to complete the piece some violation of normal life must occur. There are hundreds of such unions ending tragically but undramatically. One must recognise the fact that, on the stage, "time is of the essence of the contract." The theory of the *tranche de la vie* is really outside the range of the practical politics of the playhouse. To have eliminated the Ardale episode, to have left the characters in an "impasse" at the end of a quarrel, might have seemed satisfactory to a few critics, but the work never would have seen the footlights in such a form. In "Iris" the author acted on "the slice of life" theory, and left the play with nothing like a conclusion, with barely so much even as an imperfect cadence: this may have accounted for its comparative unpopularity. On the other hand, in "Letty" he went somewhat out of his way to give a rounding-off to the drama, and employed the much-debated epilogue. Perhaps the coincidence in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was a concession, and those stout-hearted people who condemn concessions—on the part of other people—have grounds for regarding it as a defect. Yet, in looking at such defects, one is inclined to borrow the phrase from *Punch* concerning the intoxicated man, and wish one had half his illness, for the better one knows the play the warmer the admiration at the skill shown in preparing the audience for the *coup de théâtre*, and introducing it naturally. Acquaintance with the drama enables one to go back and see all the little touches employed in leading up to the scene where Paula recognises in Hugh, the sweetheart of Ellean, her own former lover.

The criticism best founded concerns the Orreys and the humours connected with them. The author has ignored the fact that in any audience a large proportion will see the superficial comical aspect of the matter and laugh in the wrong way, particularly over the business of the china figure. In the present revival the matter was made worse by exaggeration in the acting. Mr. Granville Barker's Cayley Drummle was decidedly disappointing. For once, he, one of our cleverest younger actors, did not seem to get hold of his part. The man-of-the-world air was lacking, the Club style and even the old-bachelor manner were absent; and he failed to suggest the age, with the result that he seemed a quite unlikely person uttering forced phrases. No doubt, Cayley, legitimate brilliant descendant of the philosopher-chorus of the plays of Dumas  *fils*, is a very difficult character, but he has been presented with perfect success and so as to give the necessary idea that, under a mask of irresponsibility, he is of real weight—we only saw the irresponsibility in Mr. Barker. Mr. Aubrey Smith was altogether excellent as the Tanqueray, and fitted the part physically and in style, though, perhaps, in the last important scene, which fell a little flat, he seemed rather monotonous.

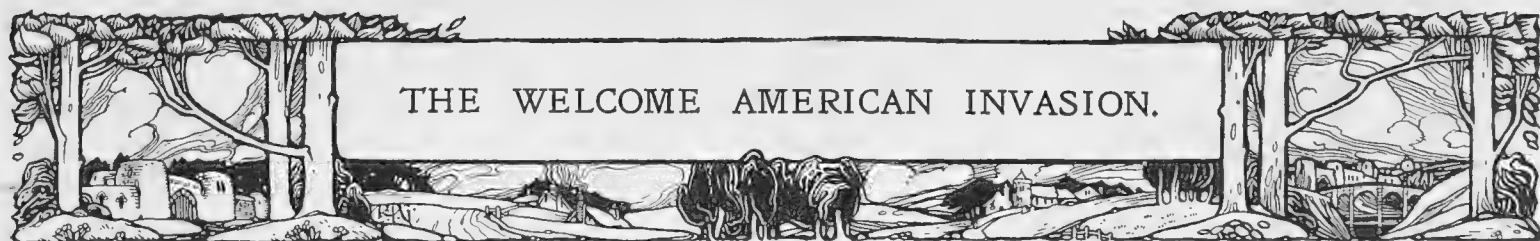
Mrs. Pat triumphed again. The fourteen years and a bit have not affected her, save by increasing her technical skill, and a performance which in May 1893 startled us all remains one of the few almost perfect things the stage offers to us: a complex, difficult character is presented by her to the very life and with the strange personal charm essential to render the play credible.



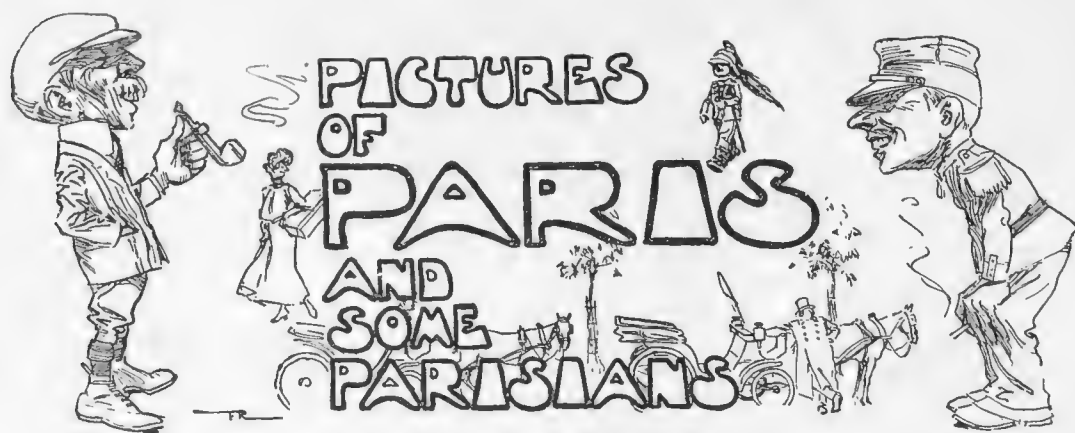
MISS NITA FAYDON, WHO WILL PLAY THE NAME-PART IN "SUNDAY" ON TOUR.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.





A STUDY OF MISS PAULINE CHASE,  
WHO RECENTLY APPEARED IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S,  
*Photograph by R. Johnson, King's Road, S.W.*



By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

## VII.—THE MOULIN ROUGE AND SUPPER.

"It is not," the Vicomte explained, "the Moulin Rouge it used to be. In the old time, an English get into a cab and say, 'Er—kesker,' and he is at once drive to the Morgue if it is daytime, to the Moulin if it is evening. But now it is a music-hall, the Moulin, not like the Empire quite, but more so, and le 'igh-kick is put into a little corner, where everyone may see it if they wish, but nobody must see it if they do not will."

By the time we had got this explanation disentangled, we reached the Red Mill on the White Place and went in. Then, in the entrance-hall, the New Yorker stopped, slapped the Vicomte on the back until his eyelids quivered, and roared out, "Chasseur d'Afrique! By Aunt Maria's whiskers, say, my son, we've not had dinner!"

"That splinters not no ice," chuckled the Vicomte. "We will dine here," and, without stopping to explain, he marched in, and we followed.

Mademoiselle, we found, attracted more attention than she liked, for she was hatless and in evening-dress, and all the others of her sex we saw were largely covered as to occiput, and, as the Vicomte whispered, "very much discovered otherwise."

However, this was but a detail, and presently we found ourselves at a small table facing the stage from behind the dress-circle, and, as the curtain rose, the soup was brought.



"Very much discovered otherwise."

at the stage much or to listen to what we said, and, perhaps, all things considered, this was just as well, for the fish-bones were rather trying. The centre-piece of the show was billed on the programme as "Lysistrata," and was the wifely episode of the war between Sparta and Athens which appears in unexpurgated histories of Greece. Following it, there came an entr'acte and "le 'igh-kick," which we admired discreetly from the tops of chairs. Then came some very living pictures, and "I want to go to supper," said Mademoiselle, whom Paris by night undoubtedly attracted.

We had not very far to go, and in five minutes ultra-respectful "huntmen," as they call the uniformed attendants who run messages and keep your hats and coats for you in Paris cafés, were relieving us of our unnecessary garments in the gilded halls of "The Dead Rat," and the Vicomte was ordering a chicken-salad and champagne.

Once more we found that Mademoiselle's absence of hat attracted some attention. In Paris, of an evening, two cherries and a piece of velvet are sufficient headgear, but no headgear, except at the Opéra, is looked upon as odd.

The room was very full and very noisy, and so, as the New Yorker said, were many of the guests. At one end a crowd of red-coated Tziganes "Bedelia'd" vigorously, with intervals of "Dolly is my Dolly" and such tunes, in which their leader, the first-violin, would walk about the room, and play at people, with a view to francs. Everybody was talking and laughing in the key of G, and as loudly as possible, glasses, knives, and plates were clattering, and two young ladies opposite were renewing an innocent expression with various little sticks and a powder-puff, which they carried in gold cigarette-cases.

We had consumed the chicken-salad and ordered in the third bottle of champagne when a lady near us danced into the "cake-walk." We laughed and clapped our hands and cheered, and she became excited, told us we were "kinds of English most sympathetic," leapt upon a table, and performed *le gigue*, a British dance entirely unknown except in Paris.

The atmosphere was thickening with cigarette-smoke and a great variety of perfumes. The noise was such now that a sudden silence would have deafened us. A small man with bright-blue goggle-eyes, and a dress-shirt front in accordion pleats, who had been to the races and had backed the winner, was making a long and extremely incoherent speech against the Government.

It was just daylight as we got downstairs.



A long and extremely incoherent speech against the Government.

"I am not sure—if I like—this—at all," gasped Harold, a few moments afterwards. The orchestra was playing "rag-time" music, a gentleman was standing on his head upon the head of a fat gentleman in tights beneath him and playing pancakes with a boy, and we were munching *maquereau à la maître d'hôtel* in time to "Hiawatha," with one eye on the stage and another on the bones.

"They ought to play slow music for the fish," said the New Yorker. "This kind of thing's more wearing than three weeks' Chicago."

Mademoiselle said nothing. She was too busy taking in the dresses, and the ladies quite inadequately in them, to look



# *Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.*

*By Frank Reynolds, R.I.*



"LE 'IGH-KICK."

## ARTISTS IN AUGUST: SOME PICTURESQUE HAUNTS.

IT is the special happiness of the artist, and in this he resembles the poet, that his art fills his whole life; it is always with him, and never so much so as when he is holiday-making. The barrister, when August comes round, is only too glad to forget his briefs, the solicitor to throw aside his writs and deeds, the doctor to be quit of his patients' foibles, the engineer to be relieved for a few happy weeks of all calculations of "thrust" and "strain"; but the



"THE SWAN," FITTLEWORTH, A FAVOURED RESORT OF ARTISTS AND ANGLERS.

*Photograph by Kevis, Petworth.*

artist in colours, like the artist in words, if he be true to himself, comes closer to Nature at the August zenith of the year than at any other time. With his trained eye ever on the alert for the picturesque, he undoubtedly sees more in mountain and moor, in smiling landscape and lovely village, than ordinary people do, and so it may be interesting to visit—if only in imagination—some notable haunts of great painters, both living and dead.

Your true artist graciously allows the railway to take him where he may find the picturesque and beautiful, but, when once it has done that, he wishes it at Jericho. No doubt for the reason that the Great Western is two and a-half miles away, at Twyford, the little village of Sonning is a dear resort of artists and also of anglers. Perhaps the best way of approaching Sonning is up the river from Shiplake, where Tennyson was married. After passing the numerous islands and the eel-bucks above Shiplake, you come to rather a dull bit of water, and then the extraordinary beauty of Sonning, set in its gardens, bursts upon you. On the Berkshire side is "The White Hart," with its entrancing rose-garden; while on the Oxfordshire side is "The French Horn," also well "gardened." Here the river divides into two, and there are two charming bridges; the main stream goes on to the lock, but the other branch forms a backwater, leading by some islands up to the weir. This is the great glory of Sonning, with its mill and its wonderfully picturesque "bits." On towards Reading the river quickly becomes dull and uninteresting, and you realise what a marvellous oasis of beauty Sonning is.

Let us now fly in imagination, or be more prosaically transported by the Great Western Railway, to Caerleon, with its memories of King Arthur and the Table Round, with which readers have made fresh acquaintance in Mr. Warwick Deeping's richly coloured romances. This once famous city, for years the garrison of the Second Augustan Legion, the capital of South Wales, and the seat of an archbishopric, is now a sleepy little town lying between the busy industrial centres of Pontypool on the north and Newport on the south. From these places, however, it is far enough away to have preserved both the dignity and the pathos of its isolation. Here you may see a Roman amphitheatre, a great oval bank of earth called Arthur's Round Table, and an enormous mound once fortified by the Romans. The officers and men of the crack Roman regiment,

and their wives and families, left many remains of their occupation—tombstones, fragments of household utensils, needles and fibulae of the ladies, remains of villas and baths, lamps, glass and enamel ornaments, carvings, rings, seals, and the like, to be gazed upon in the cases of the local museum. The whole place, with its combination of hill and winding river, with low-lying houses nestling in abundant trees, forms an incomparable picture which many a painter has sought to portray on canvas.

Better known, but not less picturesque in its way, is the Yorkshire watering-place of Whitby; the "white dwelling," with its steep, climbing streets, clusters at the foot of the famous Abbey of St. Hilda, the ruins of which are at once the delight and the despair of the sketcher. Wonderfully picturesque, too, is the old town, with its fishermen, its busy coasting trade, and its numerous vessels, both British and foreign, taking cargoes of coal and ironstone. Whitby has long been famous for its jet, but the whale-fishery is now a thing of the past.

Chambers, the marine-painter, was a native of this place, and served his apprenticeship on board a Whitby vessel. It is easy to imagine him inspired with the incomparable grandeur of the sea-views to be obtained from almost every point; while, inland, the town has a wonderful background of steep, wild hills stretching to the moors in the direction of Cleveland. Mrs. Gaskell has left a memorable picture of the town in "Sylvia's Lovers," where it appears as Monkshaven.

Very different is the characteristic Sussex scenery of Petworth and Fittleworth. The mansion and park of "princely Petworth," now in the possession of Lord Leconfield, head of the Wyndhams, stands high above the valley of the Rother. The park, which stretches for miles, is an exquisite combination of art and Nature, with its lawns and lakes, its clumps of forest-trees, its swelling knolls and cool dells, commanding matchless views of the broken country beyond the Blackdown on the one side, and on the other southwards to the leafy crown of Chanctonbury Ring. In the house itself are some famous masterpieces of Vandyck and Holbein, Turner and Leslie, Titian, Reynolds, Romney, and many another great painter—in fact, it is one of the greatest private collections in the country. Add to this the marvellous carvings of Grinling Gibbons, of which Horace Walpole said that the birds were "absolutely feathered."

Eastward, on the way to Fittleworth, you pass the old mill painted by Vicat Cole, and then the old-fashioned hostelry of "The Swan," much frequented by both artists and anglers. Exquisite "bits" that delight the painter's eye are to be found in the deep lanes, and further on at Fittleworth Common, until you come to the Roman villa at Bignor.

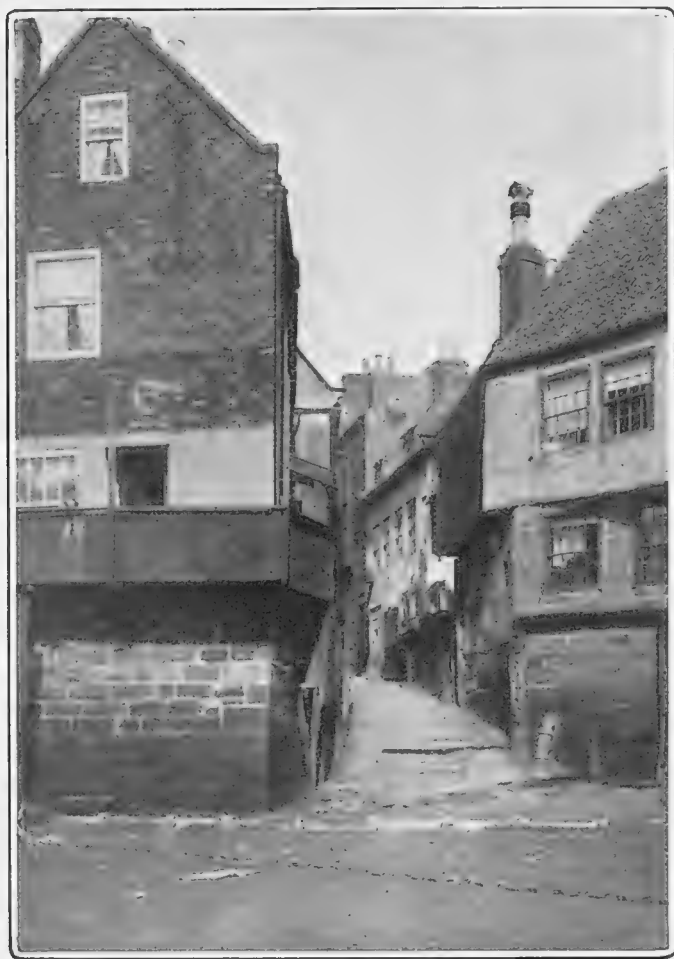


CAERLEON, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF SOUTH WALES AND A FAMOUS CITY IN ROMAN DAYS.

*Photograph by W. Hargreaves Cooper.*



ARTISTS IN AUGUST: SOME PICTURESQUE HAUNTS.



WHITBY: A QUAIN SPOT IN THE OLD TOWN.  
*Photograph by R. A. R. Bennett*



LOMBARD STREET, A BIT OF OLD PETWORTH.  
*Photograph by Kevis.*



SONNING, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VILLAGES ON THE UPPER THAMES.  
*Photograph by W. H. Dee, Reading.*

## A TRAGIC COMEDY AT THE THEATRE.

THEY parted at the place where the attendant was tearing off halves of tickets, and the last words audible were, "Darling, you will arrange it if you can?"; and "Yes, dear, certainly, if it is possible; but I rely on you."

One of the speakers was soon shown to a seat in the stalls, and, after gravely settling down, began to look about her, occasionally getting up and trying to see what was happening to the other speaker. Shortly afterwards she turned suddenly. A man was getting ready to sit down in the stall beside her. Whilst apparently admiring the act-drop, she carefully studied the new-comer with the corner of her eye. He was youngish, had well-cut clothes, a white necktie a bit out of date in shape, and was rather good-looking—a great deal better-looking than the man she had just left, a bald fellow of middle-height and middle-age. The new-comer hastily took off his overcoat and accidentally dragged his dress-coat half off in his clumsy proceedings. She put out her hand, as though intending to help, but withdrew it. He observed her movement.

A minute later her handkerchief fell, and the thought flashed through his mind that a lady's desire had quite as much to do with its fall as the force of gravity, and so, whilst stooping to pick it up, he studied her intently, wild thoughts surging in his mind. This seemed rather like the beginning of an adventure, something really to brag about to those fellows in the Middlesborough Club who were never properly overpowered by his tales of Metropolitan conquests. He felt that he could describe her as a woman handsomely dressed,

obviously quite a lady, not, perhaps, classically beautiful, but well-built, with an intelligent face, and dark hair cleverly dressed. Perhaps her friends and her mirror would have been less amiable.

The youngish man gave back the handkerchief. She said "Thank you," demurely, and he sat for a minute or two wondering how to begin the conversation. Any remark about the heat seemed too commonplace. She also appeared a little embarrassed, but it was clear to him that something was going to happen. Calculations rushed through his mind concerning the price of supper at the Carlton, supper for two on a swagger scale—had he enough money in his pocket? he wondered. The people began to troop in. There was plenty of time before the curtain rose, for he and she had arrived at the advertised hour, and the event was the production of a French play, which, as everybody knows, is always half-an-hour late. At last she broke the silence, and, leaning towards him, said timidly—

"Excuse me, but are you alone this evening?"

He jumped. What a prodigious affair! What a thrilling adventure! And clearly she was a woman of the world, of the whole world! He could hardly keep his voice steady whilst he answered, "Yes, I'm quite alone to-night, quite lonely."

She gave a little sniff at a quaintly cut, old French, crystal smelling-bottle, prettily mounted with rubies, and then murmured, "Would you mind—that is, would you be so kind?—I mean, I should be very much obliged if you would do me a service."

He grew hot and cold; even for a moment the dreadful thought came through his mind that perhaps, after all, it was not to be a real adventure, for she might be a real adventuress; but another glance convinced him that the thought was unjust. Whilst he was still fumbling in his mind for some reply, gallant but not fatuous, amiable and not too gushing, an interruption came from the passage of two people who were seeking their stalls and fighting stoutly from seat to seat, ruthlessly concerning dresses and regardless of toes. At last they had gone by, one of them leaving an intoxicating, abominable steam of scent behind her. The young man looked up eagerly. With a desperate effort to combine a tone of enthusiasm, almost rapture, with a man-of-the-world and quite-accustomed-to-this-sort-of-thing air, he replied, "Madam, you may command me in anything," and waited, breathless.

A look that bewildered him came over her expressive face, a gleam of something like malice seemed to flash in her eye momentarily, a subdued twist of the lip suggested a suppressed smile.

"Would you mind changing seats?" she murmured, a little timidly.

"Oh, certainly!" he replied, getting up, rather puzzled.

"Oh, not with me," she said, rather slowly; and then went on with a rush: "it's with my husband—they've put our seats separately, and I do so like sitting next to him, and his is a much better seat than yours. It's B 6, over there, on that side."

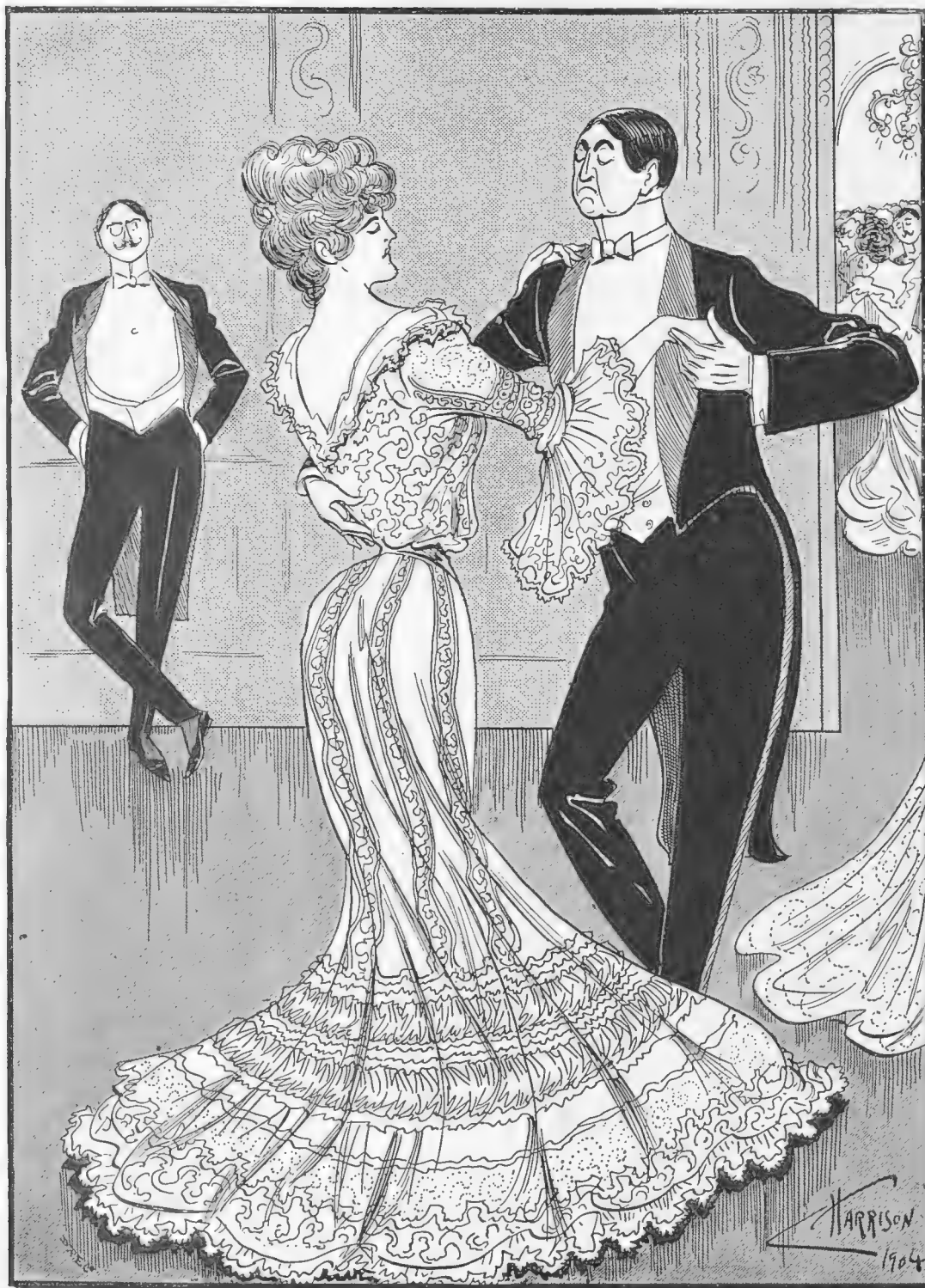
She rose, turning her back on him, and beckoned and beamed to the man on the O. P. side, and then sat down, and, turning round, continued, "Really, I'm very much obliged to you. It's very kind of you."

"Oh, not at all!" he replied, and, after a pause, added emphatically, in a state of exasperation, "*it's quite a pleasure!*"

Such a look of mild, innocent, coquettish reproach came into her eyes that he felt desperately humiliated, and groped for his hat under the seat and snatched up his coat and started without a word, but distinctly noticed a ring of mischief in her voice as she called out, "Thanks ever so much, and you'll give my husband the voucher, and there he is just at the end of the row. Good-night."

If thoughts could be fatal, the bald man of middle-age and middle-height with whom the dispossessed stranger changed scraps of paper would not have lived to reach his wife and hear her, when he arrived, say, gleefully, "Didn't I manage it beautifully, darling?"

And then the band played.





*Holiday Types. By Dudley Hardy.*



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MADAME ZOLA has just presented to the Manuscript Department of the National Library in Paris all the manuscripts of her late husband's works which she has been able to find among his papers. The missing manuscripts include those of "Nana" and "Vérité." Madame Zola is to pay a long-promised visit to a friend in Aberdeenshire.

In the new number of the *Quarterly Review* there is a racy article on the works of Sir Conan Doyle. It is unsigned at the end, but Mr. Andrew Lang is almost certainly the author. Who besides could or would have corrected Mr. Sherlock Holmes by a reference to the Journal of the Anthropological Institute for 1881? There are certain other indications of authorship obvious to many people who have not the wits of Sherlock Holmes. It is very appropriate that Mr. Lang should review the achievement of Sir Arthur, for it was he who recognised the merits of "The White Company" when that work was still in manuscript. Mr. Lang describes his author's style as unaffected. "His is a simple narrative manner." But the critic loves anything better than "the dull and tormenting manner of the prigs who, having nothing that deserves to be said, say it in a style which standeth in an utterly false following of Mr. George Meredith." In Mr. Lang's opinion, "Brigadier Gerard" is Sir Arthur's masterpiece. "We never weary of that brave, stupid, vain, chivalrous being who hovers between General Marbot and Thackeray's Major Geoghegan, with all the merits of both and with others of his own." Sir Arthur does not interest us in love affairs or in his women. Of Sherlock Holmes Mr. Lang speaks with moderation. "If we are puzzled and amused, we get as much as we want, and, unless our culture is very precious, we are puzzled and amused." The article is a good and fair estimate of Sir Conan Doyle, but perhaps it scarcely does full justice to the straightforwardness of his style. Sir Arthur does not waste space and attention in introductions. He has the great merit of beginning at once. Nor does he often trouble us with digressions. He is at his very worst when he does. Nor can it be said that he has succeeded in his medical stories, "Round the Red Lamp." I cannot recall any great book of medical stories, or, indeed, any one better than Samuel Warren's "Diary of a Late Physician"—a vulgar book in the fullest sense of the word, but not without impressiveness. Yet a series of stories written from the medical man's point of view might be a permanent addition to English literature.

The new book by Kate Douglas Wiggin, "The Affair at the Inn," has been done in collaboration. Miss Jane Findlater, Miss Mary Findlater, and Miss Charlotte Stewart have taken a share. Miss Stewart has published one or two not unsuccessful novels under the pseudonym of "Allan McCaulay."

Miss Josephine Tozier, in a new book, "Among English Inns," has given a pleasant introduction to the England of the English novelist. She tells us that Clovelly Inn, the Clovelly Inn of Amyas Leigh, is kept by a versifier who, not satisfied with adorning the ceiling of his dining-room with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, the Lion and the Eagle, has further decorated it with three stanzas, ending with the declaration, "With your children standing by you, Britannia rules the main."

Some of the Irish poets of to-day, including W. B. Yeats, Stephen Gwynn, Lady Gregory, and Jane Barlow, are collaborating on a work to be called "Irish Voices."

Messrs. Blackwood are to publish, under the title "The Thistle and the Fleur de Lys," a vocabulary marking the association which existed of old between the kingdoms of France and Scotland. The vocabulary contains a large number of Scotch words which are purely French in pronunciation and meaning.

Mr. W. L. Alden confesses his dislike of the time-honoured illustrations furnished by "Phiz" and George Cruikshank to the earlier novels of Dickens. He thinks that whenever they furnish portraits of Dickens's characters they are merely caricatures, and do not in the least represent the persons whom they profess to represent. Mr. Alden also complains with

some reason that most of the illustrations which we find in the novels of the day are uninteresting. They usually give us portraits that differ entirely from the author's conception of his characters, and thus interfere with the effect which it is intended to produce. Better results, perhaps, might be got if the artist worked in collaboration with the author. As a rule, they have no communication with one another.

An inscription is to be affixed to Jane Austen's house at Chawton, so charmingly described by Miss Constance Hill in her book on the great novelist.

At the time of his death Laurence Hutton was engaged on the proofs of his book, "Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities." It will be published by Messrs. Putnam in the autumn. O. O.



PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: AS SEEN BY R. C. CARTER.  
IV. "BY ROYAL COMMAND."

With profound apologies to Mr. E. Blair Leighton.



## THREE NEW BOOKS.

## "A DAUGHTER OF THE SNOWS."

BY JACK LONDON.  
(Isbister. 6s.)

"A Daughter of the Snows" he has imparted a new touch to his characterisation. Already he has shown us the finer qualities of

Mr. Jack London's great danger was monotony. He could handle admirably the horrors of the frozen trail in the Far North-West, and gave as no writer has contrived to do the picture of the gold rush to the Yukon. But in

womanhood amid the wilds, but his new study has a delightfully unconventional daring even in the home of unconventionalities. His Frona Welse, the girl pioneer, whose grit often puts men to shame, has much of the freshness and vigour of a Meredithian creation, and the single scene where, tempest-driven, she seeks a lodging for the night in the tent of a total stranger and by sheer common-sense overcomes his ultra-civilised scruples on the ground of decorum, comes with a humorous flash that this writer has too rarely displayed. Not only did Frona prove the propriety of her action by the resistless logic of facts, but she showed herself the better backwoodsman of the two, and taught her host that he did not know the whole art of spreading a couch

away much of this money and spent the rest of it in travelling. Apparently she parted with her copyrights. Scott could have saved her from that blunder. Still, in comparison with Charlotte Brontë, who received only £1500 for her books, Miss Edgeworth makes a brave show with her £11,062 8s. 10d. The real life of Miss Edgeworth has yet to be written, and it ought to be written by one who knows the literary history of her period a great deal better than Miss Lawless knows it.

## "THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER."

BY ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS.  
(Nash. 6s.)

Were it not for the fact that its heroine is married before its hero comes to know and love her, we should be inclined to deem "The Bright Face of Danger" a book published out of due season, recognising it as a fitter companion to December than to July. In all essentials save the one, it is the stuff that Christmas "gifts" are made of, plenty of sword and dagger play, bloodshed and love-making, youth on a quixotic quest, a fair lady to be rescued, a brace of villains to be combated, a chateau moated and watched by armed men to be entered and escaped from, by-paths and woods to be traversed, robbers to be met, and France in the early seventeenth century; the characters consistently, if somewhat deliberately, romantic, the scenery invariably picturesque. For the rest, it must be said that Mr. Stephens' novel is by no means a bad example of its class, although at times taken at too slow a pace; and that Henri de Launay, whose adventures it concerns, sees even more of life than he anticipated, and ends, as all true heroes of such stories must, by wedding the heroine for whom he has dared his all.

Miss Myra Hamilton, Mr. Pinero's pretty step-daughter, has not cared to avail herself of her step-father's unexampled opportunities in connection with the stage and stage-life; instead she has lately made her début under very promising auspices as a writer of stories for children. Mr. and Mrs. Pinero live much in the literary and artistic world. They have a delightful house in St. John's Wood, the interior rather recalling an old-fashioned manor-house than one within hail of Lord's famous cricket-ground. Miss Hamilton has the same Christian name as her mother, who, as Miss Myra Holme, won golden opinions from critics and public, notably in that farcical comedy, "The Colonel." Miss Hamilton shares Mrs. Pinero's love of outdoor life, and, like her mother, excels in such pursuits as riding, skating, and walking.

Among the many remarkable foreigners to whom England is in very truth a hospitable land of refuge, there are few more remarkable and original individuals than Vladimir Tchertkoff, who translated Tolstoy's great pronouncement on the Russo-Japanese War, and whom the great champion of the oppressed considers knows how to English his thought more accurately than can any other living writer. Vladimir Tchertkoff lives at Christchurch, in peaceful Hampshire. There, after having passed through the utmost storm and stress that can befall one of those Russian enthusiasts whom we call Nihilists, he leads the Tolstoyan life; that is, the life led by the great writer himself in his far-away Russian home—a life of plain living and high thinking, that of sharing all his goods with those less fortunate than himself.



MISS MYRA HAMILTON,  
STEP-DAUGHTER OF MR. A. W. PINERO, AND AUTHOR OF  
"FANCY FAR LAND."  
Photograph by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

in the wilderness. Mr. London, too, has, with excellent subtlety, accentuated Frona's innocence by his deft allusions to the "vaudeville artistes" (*sic*) who were the gold-seekers' most familiar examples of womanhood. This is only one of the many delightful incidents in a book that declares Mr. London almost as able a novelist as he is a teller of brief tales.

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."  
("ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS"  
SERIES.)  
BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.  
(Macmillan. 2s.)

is awkward to a degree, and some of her clumsy sentences may be commended to examiners and to authors of English grammars. Maria Edgeworth well deserved a biography, but this is not a biography. The central figure is obscured by her father and his wives and other people, and we never get a true hold of her fascinating but elusive personality. There are, however, materials enough for a living likeness, though they will be found mainly in her books. Of these books we have no true criticism in Miss Lawless's monograph. She keeps reiterating that "Castle Rackrent" is Miss Edgeworth's best book until we weary of the very name. As a matter of fact, Miss Edgeworth could write excellently in different styles, and it would have been well worth while to follow the course of contemporary criticism on her works. Miss Lawless is interested in the friendly relations between Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott, and the pages she has devoted to this subject are amongst the best in her book. But the value of the volume, such as it is, consists in the unpublished letters which Miss Lawless has been allowed to use. We have a most interesting document stating the sums received by Miss Edgeworth for her various books. For "Castle Rackrent" she received only £100, for "Belinda" £300; for "Patronage," published in 1815, she received the large sum of £2100; for "Helen," published in 1834, the price was £1100. Miss Edgeworth seems to have given

The new volume of the "English Men of Letters" series, "Maria Edgeworth," by the Hon. Emily Lawless, is not successful. No one who has read "Grania" will deny Miss Lawless's real strength and force, but she is not at home in writing biography or criticism. Her style



M. VLADIMIR TCHERTKOFF, TRANSLATOR  
OF TOLSTOY'S WORKS INTO ENGLISH.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

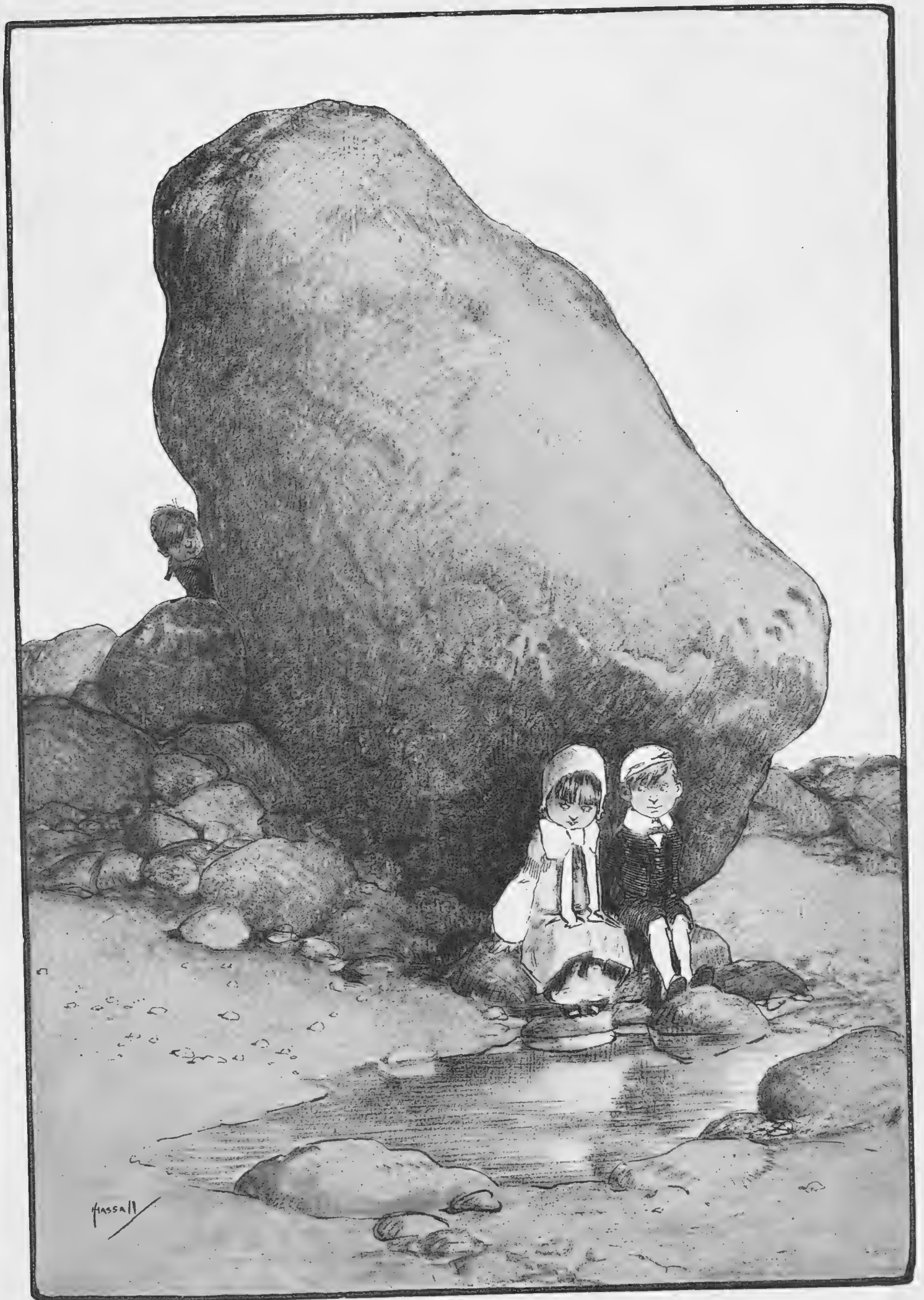
STARR WOOD FINDS FAULT WITH THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AS SPOKEN.



“ All right, my pet, I’ll hide you when I find you ! ”



JOHN HASSALL SHARES A JOKE WITH THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.



VOICE FROM BEHIND ROCK: If you don't come out, Willie Smith, I'll shove the rock over on top of you.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE CURE OF A CYNIC.

By HERBERT A. MORRAH.



Avice Windlesham's appearance in Sandwith gave rise to a number of questionings. Mrs. Saxon, her hostess, answered them all in

that decisive tone which is one of her most delightful characteristics.

"Yes, she is the daughter of Horace Windlesham. Certainly he was the man who ran away with Lady Felicia Cloyne. It is quite true he is something of a scamp. It is also a fact that he broke many hearts as a young man. Luckily, the cement of sympathy mended most of the fractures. The girl is quite an heiress. Her home-life has not been happy. The pair have quarrelled over her terribly. Six months with one and six months with the other—what a life! And all the time such jealousy, because, while he has run through his own and his wife's fortune, the child has her own from her grandmother, and consequently the father and the mother are more or less dependent on their own child's goodwill. It is a frightful position for her, but it is much better that people should know all about it now that she is coming to stay with me. The object of her visit is that she shall have peace, and I mean to see that the object is not defeated."

Naturally enough, Mrs. Saxon's words went far and wide, and created a mild sensation.

Sandwith turned up the record of Horace Windlesham and talked it over.

Then came a careful scrutiny of his daughter.

A good-looking girl; no question about that. Perhaps a trifle too tall? Nonsense; the Cloynes were always tall. People who knew Cloyneham would remember a picture of her Elizabethan counterpart. The discussion became chilly at this point; everybody did not know Cloyneham.

So Avice settled down at Mrs. Saxon's. She puzzled her hostess considerably.

"It is your outlook on the world," the latter explained. "I suppose Sandwith people either amuse you enormously or bore you to extinction. In my youth people were not so hard——"

"Hard to please?"

"No, dear; I didn't mean that. On the whole, I think you put up with my inflictions wonderfully well. It is your after-thoughts which are so perplexing to my mind—your considered judgments, as it were; they are so sweeping in their condemnation."

"Well, I try to look facts fairly in the face."

"And you see?"

"Recent failures. Repeated cycles of meaningless effort."

"There you go!"

"I speak as I think."

"At twenty-three!"

"I have had plenty of time for reading."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Saxon, with the smile of a wise woman, "there are things you have yet to learn which are not in the books. And I had hoped——"

"You are thinking of marriage?"

"How your wits jump!"

"I have seen so much of it."

Mrs. Saxon was wringing her hands.

"But these things go in alternations!" she cried. "It is a well-known law. At any rate, every individual is a fresh start. If everything had been amiss to date, you might *make*, or *be*, the germ of happiness."

"I think," said Avice, amiably, "you have hit on rather a pleasantly original-idea. I wish I could live up to it."

"Haven't I introduced you to some very nice people? Aren't some of the men round here just what a healthful and practical mind would find it decidedly interesting to subdue?"

"I am not bent on conquests."

"Heaven help me to choose my words better! You are so critical. Luckily, I can leave it to you to refine my meaning. But it is all very disappointing."

"Then I seem ungrateful?"

"Please, Avice, please do not begin to blame yourself."

"I am full of imperfections, but I am not ungrateful."

"You embolden me to say what is on the tip of my tongue. Mr. Grayfield has already shown you some attention. His place, Frantifoy Hall, is quite adorable. There are peacocks——"

"I am fond of fine feathers, Mrs. Saxon, but I could not marry Mr. Grayfield even if he kept ostriches."

"And that beautiful, deep lake——," murmured the other lady, tearfully.

"Would only serve for a drowning-place if my husband's soul were shallow! You forget I should have to live with him."

"Well," expostulated Mrs. Saxon, undaunted by rebuffs, "you cannot speak so slightly of Mr. Follicle-Burdenstone. His estate may be encumbered, but, at any rate, he is a clever man who is certain to go far."

"He thinks I have money," said Avice, coldly.

"And haven't you?"

"Possibly. But the idea of being marketable nauseates me. I would rather marry Sir Alexander Smellie."

"This is new to me."

"It is an old story."

"Then there is someone to whom you are not entirely indifferent?"

"These things sometimes have to be. There would, at any rate, be plenty to do in the Smellie establishment, for Sir Alec has a large family. If I did no worse, I suppose I ought to be grateful, seeing how disordered is the world."

"There is something behind all this," thought Mrs. Saxon to herself.

And then she was seized with an idea.

This resolute cynicism, this disgust with life, could surely be only a pose. If Avice could be persuaded to see the folly of it by observing the same affectation in another, would there not be a chance of a cure?

It so happened that Sandwith boasted a misanthrope of the first water.

Mrs. Saxon resolved that Avice Windlesham and Selwyn Moore should meet. So she asked the young lawyer to her next dinner-party.

When he and Avice met, it was like the contact of fire and magnesium, a sudden flash in which much was revealed and something heard; then blankness and silence.

Avice was certainly struck by something in the man's spirit which responded to her own on the instant, though she had never seen him before.

He had youth, and yet he had maturity. The lines in his long, clean-shaven face indicated a sternly masculine intelligence. Avice could not help scrutinising him favourably. In some ways it is not altogether a disadvantage to possess the cynic's face. Ability is generally written there, and power; there is penetration in the eyes which illumine it; there is passion even in the texture of the skin.

Avice was attracted, fascinated almost; and then quietly she set herself to resist all foolish impetuosity, to remember that cruelty, for instance, may have its abiding-place in the most sensitive brain—that craft, which is a vice, some minds bring to such a pitch that their vanity will transform it into a virtue.

So she resolved to regard him with caution, with suspicion.

As the dinner progressed, they exchanged views in the usual manner, without the faintest idea of meaning what they said. Avice, in fact, began by merely tossing him a word now and then out of politeness, reserving her fuller confidences for the old Colonel on her left, who had known her father thirty years before and was familiar with a side of his character to which she herself was a stranger; whilst Moore showed himself peculiarly attentive to the spectral spinster on his right, who sat in grimmest stiffness and drank in with evident appreciation his acid comments on the more sinister aspects of the feast.



At last he chose to drop a few words full of real meaning into Avice's ear.

"You are unlike these people."

"It is an impeachment one cannot resent. I might return the compliment, but, of course, you detest compliments."

"I hope," he said, "we are both of us above the ordinary human weaknesses."

And he frowned.

"Isn't it odd," she asked, "that people should try to enjoy themselves in a crowd, when they know that, the more they see of their kind, the more they must detest them?"

"You might have lived in Sandwith all your life!"

"As for that, I don't think this place touches the summit of distastefulness."

"You are not a man."

"Does that really make any difference?"

"A man wants scope."

"Doesn't a woman?"

"We all want what we cannot get. It is only fools who talk of making the best of things."

They agreed, in the end, that the world was worthy, on the whole, rather of pity than of scorn.

After dinner Avice sang.

"Why do you sing such sad songs?" Moore asked. "It seems a concession to sentiment."

"I do it," she said, with an intonation of sincerity, "out of consideration for those who would grow more unhappy still if they heard the music of joy."

Mrs. Saxon failed to extract any pleasure from the introduction she had thus effected.

But the first meeting led to others. Moore, for all his gloom, was an acceptable person in Sandwith. And Avice knew her duty, at least, to her hostess, and never attempted to shirk an engagement. Indeed, she welcomed the daily round, which took her thoughts from an irksome correspondence.

For there were letters from her father, and letters from her mother, and it would be hard to say which of the two gave her a greater anxiety.

Things were, in fact, approaching a crisis.

Lady Felicia had long kept up a considerable town establishment. This was now done entirely on Avice's money. And

Lady Felicia wanted more. What she liked was to control men, women, children, and things. Avice was now a woman, but her mother held it a grievance that the law did not keep her a child. As for dominion over men, herein lay some explanation of the failure of her own romance. Still, it had to be remembered that Horace Windlesham had given her cause to complain. The rose-leaves were crumpled almost from the first.

Though Avice might not care to admit it, she was fond of them both. And now, when they were both bombarding her for further concessions, when she saw that they were at her mercy quite as much as she was at theirs—when one talked of a handy revolver, the other of a possible over-dose of chloral—her bewilderment grew, and, out of that, her bitterness.

She felt miserable. Would that she knew someone who could help her!

Mrs. Saxon was distraught and disappointed.

"My plan has failed," she said. "You have struck up something more than an ordinary acquaintance with Mr. Moore. Instead of crushing your morose tendencies, he has actually confirmed them. I begin to think you have seen too much of him."

"He interests me," Avice returned.

"What a concession!"

"He has always something suggesting congeniality of mind; he is not like Mr. Follicle-Burdenstone, for instance——"

"He is more admirable than Sir Alexander Smellie, perhaps?"

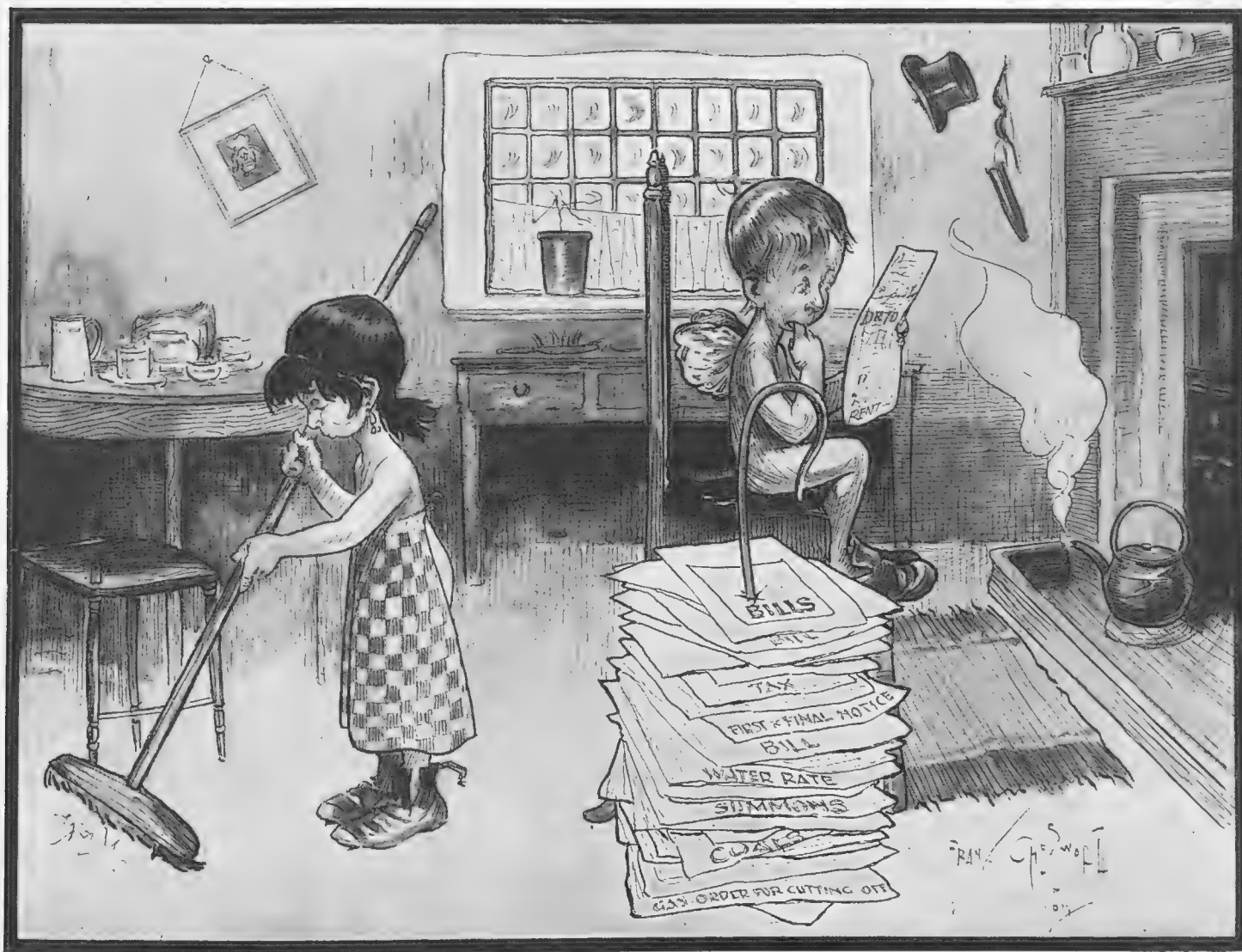
"I should not think of comparing him with a man who may some day be my husband."

Avice was flushing uncomfortably, and Mrs. Saxon quickly gave the conversation another turn.

"Of course, what you really like to think of in Mr. Moore is his professional ability. One always likes to know that a man excels at his work. In that connection, Sandwith, I assure you, is literally of one mind. We are proud of him. We think, in fact, that he is too good for Sandwith, that he would make his mark in London."

"You are speaking very helpfully, Mrs. Saxon. I had almost made up my mind to consult him about certain affairs of my own."

"Go to him! You can't do better. And, honestly, you relieve me. I was beginning to blame myself . . . Of course, the thought was absurd . . . and it would never do. Forgive me. But, as a man of affairs, I would trust him with my life."



"LOVE IN A COTTAGE; OR, HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

Avice began to smile, but, seeing Mrs. Saxon's startled expression, she turned the slight emotion into a sigh.

So Avice sought the lawyer.

Somehow, his professional manner was very different from what she had expected.

He seemed to be on good terms with the world. Her own spirits rose.

"An awkward position," he said, as soon as he had heard her story. "Not hopeless, though. You can save yourself, if you have a mind to."

"I do not want to save myself."

"You owe them very little."

"They are my own people."

"I would not attack anyone, of course; but strange ingratitude is sometimes begotten by generosity."

"I think it is a matter of duty. I do not want the money. It has never brought me happiness; it never will. It is that which has made me a bone of contention between them. I do not think I have an alternative, but if I have, I will not take it. Make the money over to them."

"Absolutely?"

"That is where I want your help."

"They ought not to have more than the life-interest."

"I doubt—," Avice began. "Anyhow, I leave it to you."

The lawyer was scrutinising her very keenly.

"Have you," he asked, "have you thought of the future?"

"I may marry," she said, calmly.

"Ah!" he said, with bluntness.

"I have received an offer which—well, it is suitable."

"Perhaps I am to be honoured with instructions also about settlements?"

She rebutted the sarcasm in his tone.

"I had that intention. But Sir Alexander Smellie will not expect that I should do anything."

"He is a very acute man of business," Moore observed.

"You know him?"

"I have had dealings with him."

"Your words sound critical."

"Perhaps I have my own views upon the marriage of convenience."

"Surely," she said, "you would never concede anything to the weakness of sentiment?"

"In society, no. But here we are talking business. In business, wholesome sentiment is everything. Here, a bond is a bond. Here, things are what they seem. Soundness and truth are the light I work by. You understand?"

"Then I am glad you will do what I ask," she said.

"Give me a week," was his answer. . . .

At the end of a week, Sir Alexander Smellie walked into the Sandwith lawyer's office. He came by appointment. Avice was expected half-an-hour later.

This made it rather strange that in about twenty minutes' time Sir Alec might have been seen descending the office stairs, wearing an expression of certain vexation.

Avice arrived.

"Is Sir Alec here?" was her first question.

"He has gone," Moore said.

Avice thought he looked even graver than usual.

"You have seen my people?"

"All is settled. I have exercised the discretion you gave me. They are now in full possession of your fortune. They are satisfied. I prophesy their reunion."

"You made no conditions?"

"When it came to the point, I could not. All I could do was to try and impress upon them the greatness of your sacrifice."

"It is nothing."

"It is a great thing."

"I am safe enough."

"People have varying views about safety."

"But Sir Alexander?"

"A gentleman of the highest probity, of course. I did as you wished. I explained the facts. And then he went."

"Yes?" Avice was breathless.

"He was very sorry, of course, that all he has is settled upon the children of his first marriage. He was surprised at your action, and feared that the climate of the Highlands might not suit you."

Her eyes were filling with tears.

"I did not know you loved Sir Alexander," he said.

"You know it is not that! But to be thrown aside, just a discarded rag!"

"And I have made you penniless."

"That does not count with me!"

"What if I told you I had acted not as a lawyer, but as a man?"

"You bewilder me!"

He had risen. He was looking down upon her. She saw him smile for the first time.

"Don't you see? You gave me a free hand. Wasn't it enough temptation? If, when I met you, I was out of love with life, could not your spontaneous generosity, your goodness to others, work the miracle of a change? Your cynicism was so artificial; what you were prepared to do showed that. I carried out your wishes, and so corrected my own. Not that it was ever a genuine thing. I love the world. I want to shine in it. I want to make my own way in it. Could I come to you as easily if you still possessed that fortune? Come, I have made a beginning. Beyond Sandwith there is scope for us both. Well . . . what is it to be?"

"Let's go and tell Mrs. Saxon," she said.

## THE REJECTED LOVER.

By ARTHUR A. LODGE.

Devotedly I plied my love  
With commendations high and rare;  
I supplicated heaven above  
To grant her bounties past compare.

I throned her on the loftiest peaks  
Of eminence that clave the skies;  
In peaches' bloom I dressed her cheeks,  
With lustrous stars I lit her eyes.

No saintly virtue, charm, or grace  
Did I deny my lady—none!  
I sang her beauties to her face;  
In sonnets penned them when alone.

Did she accept without appeal  
My eulogies so frank and free?  
Alas! sufficiently to feel  
That she was far too good for me.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE news of the death of Mr. Wilson Barrett on Friday morning of last week startled the theatrical and playgoing world, since to only a few was it known that he had recently undergone an operation for cancer. As playwright, author, and actor he had made a considerable name, and he was undoubtedly one of the most popular personages on the stage. Born in Essex in 1846, Wilson Barrett was the son of a farmer, but he early decided that the stage should be his profession, and made his first appearance at Halifax in a small part just thirty years ago. After acting in many provincial towns, he came to London at the age of twenty-three, his first appearance being at the Standard Theatre, as Tom Robinson in "It's Never Too Late to Mend." Soon after this he entered into management at the Amphitheatre, Leeds, but was burnt out. He then produced "Jane Shore" at the Princess's, and at the termination of its run took up the management of the Theatre Royal, Hull. Brighton followed in 1878, but in the latter part of the same year he opened the rebuilt Amphitheatre at Leeds, under the name of The Grand, with a performance of "Much Ado," in which he played Benedick. In 1879 he took over the Court Theatre, in succession to Mr. Hare, opening with an adaptation of "Fernande" and himself playing the advocate, Pomerol. In "A Clerical Error" he appeared as the Rev. Richard Capel; in "Courtship" he played Claude de Courcy, and in "The Old Love and the New," John Stratton. In 1880 Mr. Barrett introduced Madame Modjeska to the English stage, and in the following year he played Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet." In 1881 he became sole lessee and manager of the Princess's, where he revived "The Old Love and the New," produced "The Lights o' London" (playing Harold Armitage nearly three hundred times), "The Romany Rye," and "The Silver King." In the latter drama he created the part of Wilfred Denver and played it for three hundred consecutive nights. In December 1883 he created "Claudian," playing it for the same number of nights, and in October 1884 he made his first appearance in London as Hamlet. "Hoodman Blind," in which he collaborated with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, followed, and in this he played Jack Yeulett. At Brighton in 1886 he produced "Sister Mary"—in which he collaborated with Mr. Clement Scott—and "Ben-my-Chree," and, later, "The Good Old Times," of which he and Mr. Hall Caine were the authors. Of his visits to America it is impossible to speak here, except to record the extraordinary popularity he achieved. In 1895, on his return from his second tour, he produced "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Daughters of Babylon," and at the end of 1897 he went once more to America. In 1898 and 1902 he visited Australia. Only a few months ago he produced "The Never Never Land."

Theatrically, the West-End of London may well be called the "City of Desolate Nights," so many of the popular houses are closed. Indeed, it would be far easier to name those which are open, seeing that after this week they will practically include only those giving musical plays, with the Criterion to hold aloft the banner of comedy with "The Duke of Killicrankie." The Adelphi, the Apollo, Daly's, the Gaiety, the Prince of Wales's, and the Shaftesbury are, so far, weather-proof, and are likely to remain so, in spite of any "order of the Clerk of the Weather," by which Mr. Bouchier humourously announced he had to bring his season to a close. The effect of the heat-wave has been such that resolutions to close have evidently been rapidly come to. Indeed, on Tuesday *The Sketch's* representative was told at the Garrick that the theatre would not close while business was so good, and on Wednesday Mr. Bouchier decided to finish his season on Friday.

Buxton is likely to be one of the popular theatrical resorts this

year, the power of its waters as a cure for the gout being largely responsible for the favour with which it is viewed. Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has been there for some little time, and he will probably be there for another week or two, while among the more prominent of the latest arrivals have been Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sugden. Hayling Island claims Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Esmond (Miss Eva Moore), and while she is out of the bill of "The Duke of Killicrankie" her part is being played by Miss Hilda Vaughan. Miss Ellen Terry has been resting at her country-house, whither she generally goes when she is not acting. She spends her leisure in pleasant repose and answers as few letters as possible.

"Settled?" That one word in an interrogative tone may be said to dominate the whole of theatre-land at the present time, when engagements are going round. The provincial actors are mostly "settled," as they call it, and, happily, the prospects are rosier for the autumn than they were in the spring, for more Companies are starting

out, and more Companies naturally mean more people can be employed. In London, on the other hand, there are a number of actors who are moderately certain of employment but are still disengaged, since the demand for their services is not so great but that managers can afford to wait until rehearsals are on the point of beginning before "sending for" them. Some, indeed, will only get engaged after rehearsals are actually in progress, coming into their own, as it were, because previously engaged people are either found wanting when tried or get something better at the last moment and beg off. The good-nature of managers is such that a negative is rarely spoken to such a request.

When the Haymarket closes after the performance on Friday evening it will remain closed until the New Year. The reason for this is that certain alterations are to be made in the house to meet the requirements of the London County Council. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Maude, however, are utilising the occasion to make certain additions which will still more increase the comfort of their public, a consideration which has always been with them a prime concern no less potent than that of safety. The alterations will be finished by the end of the year, when the Haymarket Company will again be installed in its own home after its temporary migration to the New Theatre, which has been hired for the autumn months from Sir Charles Wyndham. The opening of the reconstructed Haymarket will, it is hoped, be graced by the return to the stage of Miss Winifred Emery

completely restored to health and in a part which will give her ample opportunity for the display of her exquisite method. After the closing of the Haymarket the Company will take a holiday for three weeks, preparatory to returning to continue the rehearsals of the riverside play by Mr. W. W. Jacobs and Mr. L. N. Parker, which will be produced on Tuesday, Aug. 30.

The abandonment of all hope of Mr. Herbert Campbell's recovery to which reference was made under his portrait in *The Sketch* last week was, unhappily, amply justified, for the famous comedian died on the Tuesday. His death was but another example of the serious results which may rapidly develop from an apparently slight cause, for there is no doubt but that his end was hastened by a fall from his carriage. For some time, however, it had been whispered among his intimates that his apparently robust physique was less vigorous than it seemed, though his invariable good-nature served to some extent to mitigate these presages of ill. If, to-day, it would be impossible for the death of any actor to make his most enthusiastic admirer declare, as in the case of Garrick, that "the gaiety of nations was eclipsed," there is little doubt but that the death of Herbert Campbell leaves both the variety and pantomime stages the poorer.



THE LATE MR. WILSON BARRETT.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

# KEY-NOTES

At last and at last, the immediate activity of the sun of music is beginning to set in the West, so far as England is concerned. The winding-up of the season has definitely begun, and by the time these words will have come to print London will have become like some vast Egyptian desert, broken only by an occasional little concert. It has, of course, been a year of prodigies; but we see no reason why a year of prodigies should be any more tiresome than the continuous repetition of the art of those men with whom we are familiarly acquainted. Franz von Vecsey, for example, has drawn many an amateur to hear his playing who under other circumstances would have disdained the bare idea of a prodigy. For von Vecsey is undoubtedly a great artist; he is a boy who combines a great sensitiveness of feeling, which often accompanies youthful playing, with a perfectly sound technique, and with an almost audacious attitude towards the art of interpreting music. The stories one hears of him are, perhaps, from an artistic point of view, not very interesting; he careers about Royal grounds, exchanges repartees with young Princesses, and is generally embraced by the nobility of England. This is all very nice; but, at the same time, although it makes an advertisement for the boy, it does not prove exactly where he stands in any artistic reckoning-up of the artistic assets of our generation.

Master Florizel von Reuter is an artist of a very different sort; he does not rely in the least upon anything like youthful precocity, young though he undoubtedly is. He has an earnest outlook towards the art which comes for so brief a time; and he assuredly takes his art more seriously than does von Vecsey. By this we do not mean to say that von Vecsey has a less responsible view of his art, because we are convinced that time will bring a sense of responsibility to a boy of his most exceptional and wonderful capabilities; but that von Reuter has passed the line where responsibility has begun definitely to exist and that he is now an artist who is to be dealt with as one of our own generation.

The Opera Season is over; another great effort to make art popular in London has received its death-call. Nevertheless, we are bound to say that that season has been attended with most unusual success. It is the habit of many modern critics to abuse the Opera, simply because it looms so largely in the eye of the people; that abuse is

therefore the cheapest way of bringing one's opinions before the eye of the public. For our part, we give nothing but congratulations to Covent Garden for the admirable and zealous manner in which the management has carried out its programme. One may easily hesitate for a moment and say: "This has been much better done in Munich; this has been surpassed at Vienna; and this (save the mark!) has been given much more finely at the Paris Opera House." Now it is perfectly true that here and there, and detail by detail, Covent Garden may have been surpassed by one of these three Opera Houses which have been mentioned; but on the whole the season has been extremely successful, and in its average Covent Garden has shown forth not only a claim, but an absolute right to be considered as one of the great European Opera Houses, a claim and a right which three or four years ago were denied to it by the more superior among critics.

It is seldom indeed that in London we hear such old-fashioned operas as Sir Julius Benedict's so-called "romantic opera," "The Lily of Killarney." But Mr. Charles Manners evidently considers that London is athirst for this very outworn and curiously musty opera. Oddly enough, Mr. Manners, at the close of the performance given last Wednesday at Drury Lane, was even equal to a speech about the matter, and, with an airy sort of gesture, he informed us that he himself was extremely gratified with the melodies of Benedict's opera, and that therefore he saw no reason why anybody should perpetually desire the later works of Wagner. His point was, and, of course, it was the point which he was bound to take, that the tunes of "The Lily of Killarney" should be presented to an audience which had had its fill of Wagner's methods. Unfortunately, we fear he spoke to deaf ears, for "The Lily of Killarney," however much it may be approved by Mr. Manners, is an extremely dull show: its melodramatic effects, which chiefly consist of leaping down ravines into an invisible river, and of unexpected rescues therefrom, combined with a palatial interior which most likely exhausted a great part of the comedy chest of the Company, are the most spectacular events of the opera. Still, let us be just. Madame Fanny Moody sang very beautifully, and Mr. William Ludwig was in excellent form; moreover, the chorus was excellent, and the orchestra equally good under Mr. Richard Eckhold. It was this combination that saved the performance.

COMMON CHORD.



THE IRISH LADIES' CHOIR.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.





*The Deadly Motor?—Prevention of Dust—Trials—Evidence—Locked Cupboards—Bexhill and Salburn.*

IN contradistinction to the alarmist reports touching the deadliness of the motor-car and all its adjuncts, as set out in the Motor Black-list published by a certain halfpenny daily, comes the announcement of the London County Council on the administration of London, wherein I find it stated that two deaths only were caused by motor-car accidents during a whole year, as against 327 deaths by other street-accidents, caused chiefly by horse-drawn vehicles. The latter total comes within a fraction of one death per day, which figures contrast curiously with the statistics collected by the *Autocar* and published a week or so ago, when it was shown that the deaths from accidents brought about directly by horse-drawn vehicles equalled thirty-two per month over a space of no less than twenty-two months.

Something like a firm attempt to get at the bottom of the dust trouble is shortly to be made by the Automobile Club, a Sub-Committee having lately been formed to prosecute the investigations commenced at the Crystal Palace in connection with the One Thousand Miles Reliability Trials of last year. The experiments now to be made will concern themselves chiefly with the form of the body, for the most elementary knowledge of the question shows that body-form—particularly the shape and section of the space enclosed by the wheels, the floor of the car, and the ground—is the greatest factor in the matter. From personal experience and continued observation, I am convinced that the clearer the run beneath the car and the higher the floor of the car is off the ground, the less dust will be raised. A friend of mine lately tried an experiment with very satisfactory results. He owned a car in which crank-chamber, gear-box, silencer, and differential gear-case made huge eddy-provoking projections beneath the floor. A light, skeleton steel frame was made and attached to the frame in such wise that a waterproof-canvas sheet could be stretched over, to leave an opening in front of the car about nine inches in height, and, running backwards under the car, inclined upwards until it was attached to the back cross-member of the frame. Thus the space under the car was of the shape of a cut from a round cake lying on its side and with a good piece sliced off the sharp-pointed end. This arrangement reduced the dust-raising qualities of this previously dusty car by over fifty per cent. when travelling fast. At medium speeds, even on a very dusty road, there was no dust thrown to matter.

The Automobile Club and the Club officials will shortly have their hands pretty full with Trials of divers sorts and descriptions. Yesterday and to-day (27th inst.) the Reliability Trials for Motor-boats were and are in course of decision in Southampton Water, the Eliminating Trials for the British International Cup take place to-morrow in the Solent, and the chosen of the British boats meet the French and American challengers on Saturday over the same course. The Automobile Club has chartered the fine steamer *Princess Helena* for the Club and their friends. From Aug. 1 to 3 is the Bexhill Automobile Meeting, the programme of which includes not only speed events, but costume and appearance competitions, a Battle of Flowers, and a Motor Gymkhana. On Aug. 15 and 20 the Auto-Cycle Club hold their One Thousand Miles Trials for motor-cycles, the Club having preceded them with

its quarterly One Hundred Miles Trial on the 12th inst. On the 29th inst. the Light Car Reliability Trials will commence at Hereford and will last a week. Truly a busy month.

The once remorseless and terrible Chertsey Bench are showing some signs of toleration, and that none too soon. To prove how bitter was the feeling of this particular knot of Law Administrators I might mention that, no matter what the pleading, they persisted under the old Act in regarding a motor-cycle hauling a trailer as a traction-engine, and imposed fines because the cycle and its load had exceeded six miles per hour. A few days ago, however, Earl Cairns, with whom was Lord Annesley as passenger, was charged before this Bench with driving his motor-car so as to endanger the public safety. Two police constables swore as to the endangering of the public, while another officer told a thrilling story, how, by his quickness and resource, he saved some "little children" from a horrid death. It is quaint but none the less true that in all cases of this kind, when got up by the police, the "little child" looms large in the picture. However, stiffened by the testimony of Earl Cairns and Lord Annesley and the pleading of Mr. Staplee Firth, the Chertsey Bench, *mirabile dictu*, dismissed the case.

A word in the ear of those who are just going motor-touring. Of a necessity you will have to repose your car in new and strange places, and, therefore, I strongly urge the fitting of good locks to all cupboards and drawers in which spanners and stores are kept. Otherwise it will be found that, when the car is put away in garages, spanners, oil, and

other odds-and-ends develop a curious habit of making themselves scarce, such as they never exhibited before they left home. I will not for a moment suggest that they are stolen—but they disappear.

Bexhill-on-Sea evidently appreciates the draw of motor-racing, and is, as I have suggested above, making a bold bid for the patronage of motorists and a resumption of the series of motor-racing carnivals the sequence of which was arrested by the—well, obstinacy of a certain noble Lord. But the Bexhill track is hardly worthy of the name, and, as it is, the races to be decided on Bank Holiday and the following days will finish uphill. Now Saltburn, on the Yorkshire coast, comes forward as a scene of motor-racing with five miles of hard, smooth sand as a course, hundreds of yards in width, and cliffs all along the shore side to serve as Grand Stands. Personally, I doubt whether the sands ever get hard enough to form a satisfactory driving-surface, but that remains to be seen. Let me see, the police have no jurisdiction between high-water and low-water tide-marks, I fancy.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Queen's Quair" is delighting American readers. One influential critic goes so far as to say that he has written a version of the Queen's case "so discriminating as to matters of fact, and so keen and deep in matters of inference, that one feels it to be uncommonly like a direct inspiration. . . . The man who could tell such a tale aright must not be mealy-mouthed, and Mr. Hewlett was never that."



MRS. WILLIE GRENFELL.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Goodwood—Handicapping—Royalty—Bookmakers' Fortunes.*



THE SUSSEX HEROES: "C. B." AND "RANJI."

*Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.*

THE town of Chichester is this week gaily decorated in honour of the visit of the King and Queen to the Goodwood Meeting. The new stands on the racecourse are much appreciated by visitors, and it is certain that his Grace the Duke of Richmond has laid out a lot of money on the improvements. The Press Box is, to say the very least of it, palatial, and it is to be hoped that other racecourse managers will take a leaf out of the Duke's book. I, for one, am very pleased to find that water is now plentiful on the hill, and the poor horses will no longer go thirsty after the trying journey up the Birdless Grove. Thanks to the capital going, fields this week will be well up to the average. Thrush has a good chance for the Lavant Stakes, and Comedian, on paper, looks a good thing for the Rous Memorial Stakes. Vedas, if all right again, should have very little difficulty in winning the Molecomb Stakes. Airlie, although not a top-sawyer, has a chance for the Sussex Stakes, and, seemingly, Pretty Polly has a walk-over for the Nassau Stakes. Hands Down should win the Goodwood Plate. The Gordon Stakes may be

captured by Montem, who is very useful. For the Goodwood Cup I think the King's horse, Chatsworth, has a chance second to none, and I feel certain that he must have won the Eclipse Stakes had he only been started at Sandown. Chatsworth ran a respectable second to Darley Dale at Ascot, and he is said to have come on a lot of late.

I am not at all surprised to hear that many owners of racehorses are tired of trying to win big handicaps. The late Sir Blundell Maple won about one handicap out of every fifty his horses were entered for, and there are owners in the same plight to-day. An analysis of the form of many of our big handicap winners would open the eyes of even Jockey Club Stewards. We have seen horses finish absolutely last in a weight-for-age race one week, and come out the next week and win a big handicap. In all discrepancies of this sort I claim that some sort of explanation is due to the poor public who all the time play and pay. Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, whose death is lamented by all good sportsmen to-day, was one of the best handicappers of our time. Yet he could not always prevent the "readied" horses from popping up. I have always contended that horses trained in the "readying" stables should always be handicapped on their best form. The stables referred to should be known to all who go racing, and especially to the handicappers, who are, by-the-by, now compelled to be present to see their own handicaps run for. The Turf could well do without sharps of all classes, while it would be a bad day for the Sport of Kings if our real sporting owners were to retire from the unequal contest. Sport and subterfuge never could synchronise, and they never will.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has decided to run racehorses, and I hope the Royal colours will be successful, although it is not for mortals to command success on the Turf, though they often richly deserve it. His Royal Highness intends to breed his own horses, and thereby follow in the footsteps of His Majesty the King, who, by-the-by, has done well up to very recently with his racehorses. Even a good-bred horse cannot be made to pay unless he is well trained and well ridden, but I have no doubt that the Prince of Wales's advisers will look out and select a capable trainer and a good jockey. We often see good jockeys beaten on bad horses, but very seldom when they are riding animals a little bit above the ordinary. True, in the old days of the jockey "ring" it was impossible at times to guess beforehand which horse was going to win. A jockey's father once told me that his son's tips cost him thousands. I replied that he had the tips too early—they came in the morning. Instead, he should have waited and got the jockey's tip when he left the paddock on the way to the starting-post. Many big backers worked this plan some years ago and made fortunes by it. By the "tic-tac" it was possible to know the riding orders of many of the jockeys engaged, and at times all the "triers" might have been backed at a profit, while the "others" could have been laid.

Two bookmakers have recently died leaving huge fortunes behind them, but it should be noted that both died in the prime of life. I have always contended that even a professional layer should give up business at, say, fifty, for after that age he is apt to make serious and expensive mistakes. There is an old man often seen on the racecourses to-day who was, as a bookmaker, worth a hundred thousand pounds at fifty years of age, but he had lost quite three-fourths of the amount before giving up the game at sixty-five. I suggested to the late Mr. R. H. Fry at a Lewes Meeting four years before his lamented death that he should retire, but he told me that he found it impossible to lead an idle life, and he felt compelled to follow the occupation he loved so much.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE garden-party stage of the Season has arrived in the country, and everybody henceforward feels in duty bound to summon all neighbours, from the magnificent magnate to the social minnow, for tea, croquet, archery, and other sylvan devices for killing time. Great is the variety of costume at these festive foregatherings,



[Copyright.]

EMBROIDERED LINEN FOR THE SEASIDE.

from glorified Rue de la Paix mousselines, as exhibited by the lady of the manor and her guests, to the meekest cotton gowns of the Vicar's numerous family of *fillettes*. It is a mistake, by the way, to bring fatigued finery from town and expect it to make creditable appearances at these country occasions. Nothing looks worse in the clear light of day than a *passée* frock, and the very least one can do for the kind folk who take pity on the worn-out Londoner at the end of a galloping Season is to dress up to the part in suitably fresh garments. I have frequently seen girls on country-house visits complacently appear in one more or less begrimed gown after another that had run the gamut of eight weeks' wear in town—with the idea of finishing them up generally before despatching their sullied glories to the recuperating process of the *nettoyage à sec*, a custom that is much to be deprecated.

Apropos of frocks and fashions, the rapidly increasing circumference of the skirt seems to point more and more to the inevitableness of crinoline. One very modish young Madam, who imports her possessions chiefly from Paris, proudly showed me a skirt the other day measuring twelve yards around the hem. That charming, old-world fabric which our grandmothers knew as "shot silk," but which the modern *couturière* calls "chameleon taffetas," is the material of the moment, and little ruchings, pipings, gathers, and frills multiply and overflow in endless torrents of ornamentation; and a leading Paris dressmaker is trying to bring in the violent magentas, eye-smiting emeralds, and flaunting purples which obtained in the days when such accessories were the mode, so that, altogether, we may look forward to some astonishing developments of the outer woman within the next few months. Personally, I think, however alarming these rainbow

hues sound from the æsthetic point of view, they might be imported with advantage into the motorist's favourable consideration. Instead of the dun-grey, dust-coloured garments now affected by these good folk, it would be quite a refreshing spectacle if they took to primary colours, and gave the outside world, who now walks in the wake of their clouds of dust, the gratification of a more lurid colouring as they flash by.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Union Jack Club brought a great gathering of notabilities on Thursday to Waterloo Road. Never before in the annals of that workaday locality were so many prancing steeds, waving plumes, awe-inspiring costumes, and gay uniforms gathered together. The Prince of Wales performed the ceremony, and the Princess seemed quite interested in the inauguration of Tommy Atkins's social headquarters. Staff officers in the regulation blue and cocked-hats, naval officers in the smart altogether which is dryly defined in official parlance as "No. 3 Dress," and "the military" in the very fullest of full-dress gave great gaiety and *éclat* to the scene, intermixed with the picture-hat, the gauze scarf, and all other ornamental details of feminine finery as it is worn this Season. Of big events this is practically the last, and this week will see most social "stars" and plutocratic luminaries transported to other firmaments, the most immediate being Goodwood, for which special preparations have been made in this year of acute activity in entertaining. All the houses are full and have let readily; much more so, in fact, than those about Ascot this year, and trunks full of millinery ravishments have been daily despatched to this favourite scene of action.

In common with many other establishments of note, the Maison Lewis has held its bi-annual sale during the month, and the most



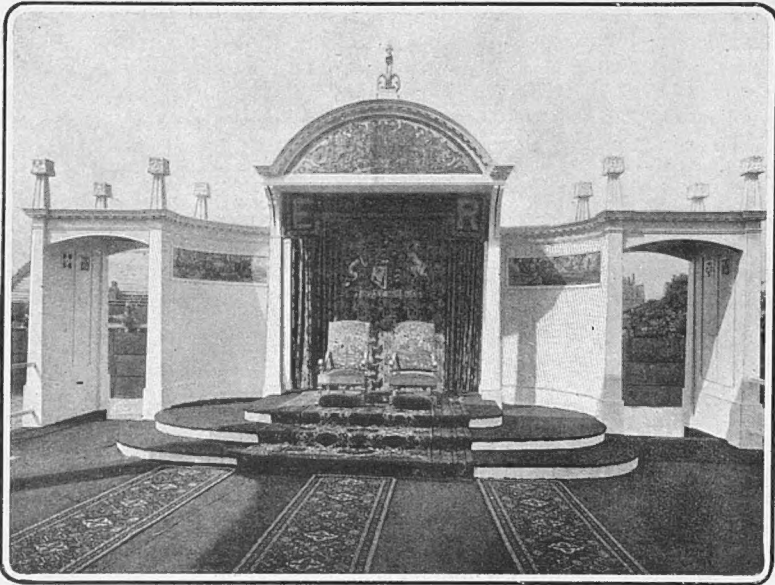
[Copyright.]

A USEFUL BLUE SERGE.

superlative "confections" have changed hands at prices that must have been very gratifying to the bargain-seeking fair. The cachet that distinguishes the real artist's work from the untutored common or garden milliner is very evident in the simplest "confection" that



emanates from 210, Regent Street. By reason of the important branch-houses at Biarritz and in Paris the Maison Lewis has a greatly superior advantage over rival houses in being first in the field with newly arranged fashions. Number 16, Rue Royale, may be admitted the *doyen* for English and American women who go to Paris for their



THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO LIVERPOOL:

THE ROYAL DAIS AT LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY WARINGS' LIVERPOOL BRANCH.

hats as naturally as they would to church for prayers or to bed for sleep. The London house naturally participates in all its advantages, and so we find in the Maison Lewis millinery a style, elegance, and originality entirely its own, and, as such, patronised by a very large and monthly increasing *clientèle*.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

SYLVIA.—I should not advise the purchase of so many dresses now, when fashions are on the point of noticeable changes. If you are not sailing until October, why not get only the most necessary things now and supplement your trousseau at the last moment? SYBIL.

The Orchestrelle Company have every reason to be gratified with the success which has attended their acquisition of the Grosvenor Galleries and the building of the happily named Æolian Hall. Here during the past season many high-class concerts have been given, and both singers and audience have expressed their unqualified satisfaction with the acoustic properties of the hall and the admirable character of the whole of its arrangements. Its position in New Bond Street, London's most fashionable thoroughfare, is one among the many advantages of the Æolian Hall; the magnificent approach and ample exits render it perhaps the safest of our places of public entertainment; while the scheme of decoration is in excellent taste, and the lighting, ventilation, and heating systems are of the very best and most up-to-date. One of the striking features of the new hall is the magnificent organ located at the back of the stage; this can be played either with perforated music-rolls or with the manual and pedal claviers, while a smaller organ, situated in a room adjoining the hall, is also connected electrically with the console, and can be used as an echo-organ in conjunction with the larger instrument or played independently from its own console. Altogether, the Æolian Hall is an ideal place for chamber-concerts, vocal and instrumental recitals, or any other entertainment of a similar nature.

Mr. H. Irving Hancock has written a volume on Japanese physical training. It deals especially with Japanese wrestling, and contains thirty-two illustrations from life. In the book the author shows that boxing is powerless before the system. Much space is devoted to approved methods in stopping blows from a fist.

If Mr. John Sampson is equal to the opportunity, he will make a valuable contribution to literature in his Clarendon Press edition of the Lyrical Poems of William Blake. There is still room for a sane and well-informed commentary on Blake. The work has been already accomplished in some measure, especially in the monumental edition of Yeats and Ellis, but the attempt to find consistent hidden meaning in Blake's poems is bound to fail.

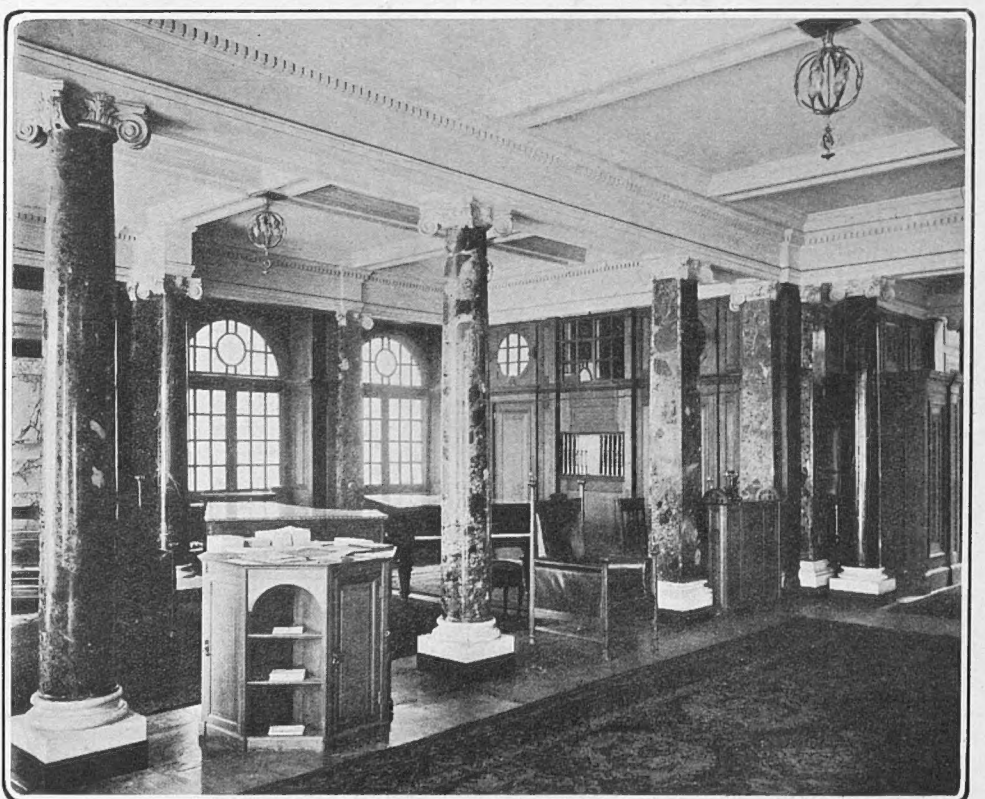
#### BANK HOLIDAY ON THE CONTINENT.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels for the Field of Waterloo, available for eight days, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning. For visiting Holland, the Rhine, the Harz, and other parts of Germany, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, corridor-trains, with vestibuled carriages, dining and breakfast car, being run on the Hook of Holland service between London and Harwich. Through-carriages and restaurant-cars are run to Berlin, Cologne, and Bâle. The United Steamship Company of Copenhagen steamers will leave Harwich for Esbjerg (on the west coast of Denmark) on Thursday, July 28, and Saturday, July 30, returning from Esbjerg Monday night, Aug. 1, and Tuesday evening, Aug. 2. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg to-day (July 27) and on July 30, returning July 31 and Aug. 3.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has found it necessary, for reasons connected with the British climate, to change the covers of the "English Tauchnitz Series" to a more serviceable colour, and with the forthcoming issue of the new volume, "Strawberry Leaves," the series will be bound in crofter brown instead of, as hitherto, in light-primrose paper covers.

A notable instance of that specialism which exists to-day in the theatrical world as in all the other professions is the engagement of Mr. Mark Kinghorne for Sir Gavin McKenzie in Mr. George Alexander's forthcoming production of "The Garden of Lies" at the St. James's. This is the ninth Scotch part in nine successive years for which Mr. Kinghorne has been specially selected, a series which began with McPherson in "The Chili Widow," under Mr. Bouchier's management at the Royalty. Comparatively common as is the name of McKenzie, it is the first time Mr. Kinghorne has been called upon to represent anyone of that name, which also happens to have been originally his own family name. The first bearer of it was that Provost McKenzie who was in the service of Alexander III. of Scotland and sacrificed his life in order to save that of his master while they were out hunting the stag.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that a new day-express, with corridor-carriages communicating with luncheon-cars, runs daily from Euston at 11.30 a.m. for Edinburgh and Glasgow, arriving at those places at 7.55 p.m. This is in addition to the 10 and 10.5 a.m. express serving all parts of Scotland. A new night-express, with sleeping-cars, also leaves Euston at 7.45 p.m. for the Highland Line and the Far North, arriving at Perth at 4.40 a.m. and Inverness at 8.35 a.m. The best night-train for Oban, Aberdeen, and stations on the Great North of Scotland leaves Euston at 8 p.m. The Company have arranged numerous convenient expresses for tourists, sportsmen, and others for the holiday season. Apropos of the continued dry weather, the Company call attention to, and can claim credit for, the avoidance of dust in travelling by the fast expresses on their main line, owing to its being laid throughout with screened granite.



THE ÆOLIAN HALL: A VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE.

Photograph by Dockree, Hillfield Avenue, N.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 10.*

## POLITICS AND THE MARKETS.

AFTER all the promise of improvement which was to be produced by cheap money and quiet times, it is very disappointing to find politics once again dominating the position, and the crisis produced by the action of the Russian Volunteer Fleet in the Red Sea unpleasantly reminding the world of the ever-present danger of international complications which the Eastern War entails.

The *Malacca* incident, which has thrown the Consol Market into a flutter, is pretty sure to end peacefully, but must leave behind the unpleasant recollection of the risks investors and speculators run in such times as these, and, even when everything is adjusted, must act as a powerful deterrent to any general revival of business.

## HOME RAILS ON THE DIVIDENDS.

To hope for a time when Stock Exchange prices shall move in accordance with what may be called normal influences is apparently tantamount to belief in a Millennium. The Home Railway Markets bow to political considerations and to the movements in Lombard Street, the dividends being matters of almost secondary consideration. So far, however, the distributions are in the main satisfactory. No fault can be found with the Brighton, Great Eastern, Metropolitan, and North-Eastern declarations, although that of the Midland is poor. The City and South London and the Central London results are well up to what was reasonably expected, and the Chatham First Preference dividend is somewhat better than most of us were looking for. Perhaps in some of the cases the carry-forward is disappointing, but the only instance where the amount fell badly short of anticipation was the South-Eastern. This merely adds fresh point to our oft-repeated argument that the dividendless Dover "A" is absurdly overpriced in comparison with Great Northern Deferred, North British Ordinary, or some of the other lower-valued stock upon which steady payments are made. The new mail contract which the Chatham and South-Eastern Companies have secured at £60,000 a year against the old figure of £31,000 is a bull point, especially as it is said that a year and a half of arrears at the increased price will be paid.

Of course, the very absence of surprises in the various statements so far published is one reason for the indifference of quotations to the dividends, but, since Home Rails are now standing in the majority of cases at cheaper levels than those ruling twelve months ago, it would have been natural enough for a continuance of last year's dividends to be followed by a hardening of prices. But not until the turmoil has once more been localised in the Extreme East is there any likelihood of Railway stocks throwing off the yoke imposed upon them by the political exigencies of the moment.

## KAFFIRS AND COOLIES.

Small wonder can be felt at the feeling of hopelessness expressed by the holder of Kaffirs when he complains that his market gives him no chance of money-making. Whether he be among those who have paid for their shares, or among the others who are engaged in the terribly weary work of carrying-over Kaffirs, disappointment settles more and more heavily as the weeks go by with nothing to vary the tame monotony of a sagging which grinds fractions off prices with strange persistency. All the sparkle of champagne which animated Kaffirs for that little while in May has disappeared, and the dulness of ditch-water now furnishes a more appropriate simile for application to the market. Occasional support is still held out, as was the case the other afternoon, when the market looked like going to pieces by reason of the general weakness induced by the Red Sea happenings, but such desultory assistance is all that Kaffirs can reasonably count upon receiving until the holidays are over, the gold output increasing, and the coolie lying down with the Kaffir in amiable fraternisation. The East Rand, New Comet, and Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, of course, deny the truth of the statement that the Celestial labourers are as black as some would seek to paint them, but there must be a lot of spade-work,

metaphorical as well as literal, before the new system can hope to get into anything like a proper swing. There is nothing surprising or irrational in the idea of skirmishes between the two coloured races now on the Rand, and, if the Kaffir gets the idea into his head that the Chinaman means to steal the mealie from his mouth, there are sure to be preliminary troubles. What has to be insisted upon is the necessity for the allowance of still more time before the gold industry can slip into its former groove. The stages of struggle, experiment, and even disappointment, are not over, and this has to be kept in mind by those who enter the market as mere profit-snatchers. Yet, under the present unsatisfactory, irritating conditions the production of gold steadily proceeds, steadily increases, with only a slip-back now and again, and maybe the dissatisfaction and the irritation would be less if it were also remembered that the cause of both can be traced to sources which are in some degree the natural, logical outcome of bringing the Chinese coolie into competition with the Kaffir "boy."

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Any man gifted with the meanest intelligence"—and here The Broker nodded significantly at The Jobber—"could see that Yankees are going better."

"I certainly think," was The Jobber's facile retort, "you might have told us in a less roundabout way that you're a bull of Americans, Brokie."

"What makes you think well of them after their rise?" demanded The Merchant. "I should rather have looked for a reaction."

"Not yet," replied The Broker, "not yet, for all *The Sketch* tips about taking profits—"

"It's a good enough system to take profits," observed The Engineer.

"Most of us find the chief difficulty lies in getting profits to take," The Banker complained.

"But you haven't told us why Yankees are going to improve," insisted The Merchant. "Surely it's a purely professional market?"

"For which very reason prices are bound to go better, in order to force the public in," The Broker maintained. "The louder they bang the big drum—"

"We bar allegory," objected The Engineer.

"Well, then, the more fuss they make over the market by sending prices up, the more likely are the public eventually to come in."

"At the top, of course," remarked The City Editor, sagely.

"Platitudes!" snorted The Broker. "Now, if they had been keen on getting Yankees lower—"

"Which they would have been had the public taken any amount of stock in the last boomlet."

"I do wish you wouldn't interrupt. If they'd *wanted* to get prices down, look what a magnificent stick they had to beat the dog with last week!"

"I presume you refer to the *Malacca* cane," suggested The City Editor.

"Down with the window! Down with it!" groaned The Jobber, gaspingly. But nobody else took any notice of the atrocity.

"I mean, in the political situation," The Broker explained. "Everything else was flat, and Yankees almost alone were good. If that isn't a pretty decent indication that they are going better yet, write me down a bear."

"Instead of the animal usually connected with that quotation," finished The Jobber. "All serene, Brokie. Now let's discuss Kaffirs. I think that if—"

"A friend of mine," The Banker interposed, unconsciously, "asks me if I know how the Grand Trunk statement will turn out next month."

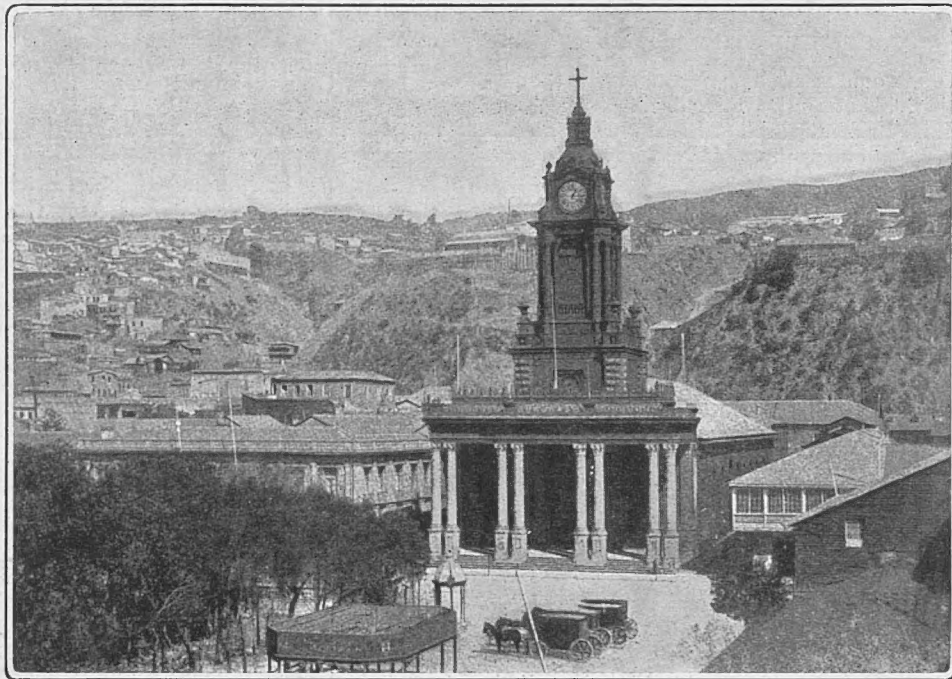
"Due on August the Twelfth: market going for dividend in full on the Guaranteed," and The Broker snapped his teeth as if beheading each phrase.

"They think that nothing will be paid on the First Preference stock?" inquired The Banker.

"That is so," The Engineer confirmed. "A jobber in the Trunk Market told me so last night."

"Talking about Kaffirs—," commenced The Jobber.

"Then Trunk Thirds aren't worth their present price, surely?" said The Engineer.



CITY OF VALPARAISO—"THE VALLEY OF PARADISE."



"Neither are Rand Mines," The Jobber edged in, "and if——"

"But the impression is that the Trunk First and Second Preferences will get their full dividends at the end of the year, with, perhaps, something left over for the Thirds."

"Now Anglo-French are cheap——," The Jobber interjected.

"I am rather sceptical about Trunks retaining their prices," observed The Engineer, "although anyone who has taken up the stock and can afford to wait will certainly come home."

"Same remark applies to Anglo-French and Robinson Central Deep," The Jobber put in. "Not but what——"

"If my friend were to sell his Grand Trunk First Preference, what ought he to reinvest the money in?" asked The Banker.

"I shouldn't advise him to buy Gold Fields and Modders, but Chart——"

"Why not Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary? The traffics are splendid, and the dividend cannot be less than 5 per cent. It will probably be more."

"All Argentine things are speculative," The Merchant observed.

"And Trunks are not, I suppose?" returned The Broker, witheringly sarcastic.

"Gold Trusts will go to 5½ and Randfontein to 3." The Jobber's persistence was worthy of a nobler market.

"Those new Sierra Leone 4 per cent. Convertible Bonds are not dear, in my opinion," The Banker added. "I believe they can be purchased at 99?" and he turned to The Broker.

"About that," was the reply, "and I quite agree that they are exceedingly cheap."

"Did you say 'exceedingly cheap,' sir?" inquired The City Editor, who was a great stickler for accuracy outside his own paper.

"I think I said the bonds are not dear, in my opinion," and the old gentleman smiled.

"Aren't Jungles not dear also?" exclaimed The Jobber, determined to create a diversion of some sort.

"I don't mind telling you," confessed The Merchant, "that I picked up a few Ashanti Gold Fields at 1¼ the other day."

"They went to 1½," said The Broker, who had not had the order.

"So I saw," the buyer answered cheerfully. "Can't expect to get in at the bottom and out at the top."

"You can expect to," The Jobber averred. "But you never do, in point of fact. Or very rarely."

"That's more like it. Anyway, I shall hold my Ashantis for fifty shillings."

"Which you will, no doubt, get," The Engineer told him. "I'm a half-believer in the future of the Gold Coast, whatever people say."

"What else are worth having besides Ashanti Gold Fields?" inquired The City Editor.

"When you've bought yourself some, you can tell your readers to have a dash in Bibianis or Amalgamated."

"I never speculate," retorted The City Editor. "I told you before that I don't think it's right."

"Oh, dry those tears," quoth The Jobber, delighted at having "drawn" his friend so easily. "If a man asks for a tip about Jungles, the natural conclusion is that he isn't perfectly disinterested."

The City Editor did not look entirely mollified, but said nothing. The Banker and The Engineer were discussing the situation in Tibet.

"It makes one more reason why I am unable to foresee any pronounced recovery in Consols," said he of Lombard Street.

"The whole thing will be over soon, I should think," replied The Engineer. "Our men will be in Lhasa within a fortnight."

"Something Lhasa than that, I should say!" cried The Merchant.

"Well," remarked The Jobber, "I don't want Tibet about it, but I'm willing to lay——"

"Oh, are you?" and The City Editor gave him a vigorous push on to the platform. "Just lay there for a while, will you?"

The Jobber turned round and made a profuse bow. "I hope that you—I mean, your readers—will make pots of money out of West Africans," was his parting shot.

Saturday, July 23, 1904.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

W. B. P.—We have little faith in the Coal concern. The price of Ordinary shares is 7½ to 10½, and of Pref. 1s. 9d. to 2s.

F. H. C.—We see no reason to sell the Bank shares. If the Government eventually recognise their claim to compensation there would be a nice bonus, and, in any event, the shares yield a good rate of interest. The concern is most conservatively managed.

F. B.—The Bacon shares are nominally called ¾ to 5, and the Willer and Riley Ordinary are said to be ¾ to 1, Preference ¾ to 1. All the quotations are more or less nominal, and to deal is a matter of negotiation.

JOHN CABLE.—The report you mention as to New Heriot reef having pinched out was circulated, but it has been denied and is not believed in the market.

G. W. M.—(1) We cannot argue in this column the merits or demerits of a mine. The "House Haunter's" observations were written on account of the market position, which, as a member of the Stock Exchange, he is able to judge of from actual observation. (2) We had a good opinion of Leopoldina shares a couple of years ago, but at present price we should not be eager buyers. (3) We did not know that North-Eastern Ordinary had been split. If you refer to the issue made by the Stock Conversion Trust, we can only say you will not see the price you paid for a very long time, and, as an investment, the present price appears quite high enough. (4) We will inquire as to the security for the various Debenture issues and let you know next week.

## BANK HOLIDAY RAILWAY FACILITIES.

### THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

announce that special excursion-tickets will be issued to Paris by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on July 28, 29, 30, and 31, and by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services on Saturday, July 30. Tickets will also be issued by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m. each evening from July 28 to 31 inclusive. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, July 30, returning at 12.5, 6.30, or 7.10 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Many other facilities are given, and cheap eight-day tickets will be issued to Amsterdam and The Hague, while the home arrangements include cheap tickets to the seaside and other resorts on the Company's system, full particulars of which are given in the Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

### THE LONDON AND BRIGHTON COMPANY

announce that, in addition to the numerous cheap trains to the attractive resorts on their home system, on Saturday, July 30, excursions will be run to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe from Victoria and London Bridge, via Newhaven (first and second class); also on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 28 to 31 (first, second, and third class). Cheap return-tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

### THE MIDLAND COMPANY

announce a varied and comprehensive list of excursions from London (St. Pancras). To the North and Scotland, on Friday, July 29, for seven or sixteen days; to all parts of Ireland for sixteen days, namely, on Thursday and Friday, July 28 and 29, to Dublin, Ballina, Sligo, Killarney, Galway, and the South and West of Ireland; on Thursday, July 28, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, and the North of Ireland, and on Saturday, July 30, to Londonderry, via Morecambe and direct steamer. Other arrangements include excursions for various periods to the provinces and seaside; while the weekly summer excursions to the North and Scotland commence to run on Saturday, July 30. Tickets, dated in advance, can be obtained at any Midland station or booking-office or from any office of Thomas Cook and Son.

### THE GREAT CENTRAL COMPANY'S

A B C Programme contains ample and admirable facilities for those desirous of spending the holiday at places on their picturesque route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations, to all the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and North-East and North-West Coast watering-places. A fast train leaves Marylebone at 12.5 midnight Friday and Saturday, July 29 and 30; there are also several additional special expresses on Saturday, July 30, two of which depart from Marylebone at 2.25 and 3.25 p.m., and run to Sheffield without a stop. Copies of this guide may be obtained, free, at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's town offices and agencies.

### THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run to-day (Wednesday), July 27, and each Wednesday until Sept. 14, for eight days, to Sheringham, Cromer, Mundesley-on-Sea, Yarmouth, Gorleston-on-Sea, Lowestoft, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe; also to-day and each Wednesday until Sept. 28, for six, eight, thirteen, or fifteen days, to Penrith, Keswick, Lytham, St. Annes, Blackpool, and Fleetwood. On Friday, July 29, for seven or sixteen days, to Northallerton, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, and other stations in Scotland. On Saturday, July 30, for three, six, or eight days, from London to the principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern Districts. Full particulars of these and other excursions can be obtained at the Company's stations, town offices, or ticket agencies.

### THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

present a splendid choice to the holiday-maker of seaside and inland resorts, all within easy reach of London. Fast excursions at convenient times and for various periods will leave Waterloo and certain suburban stations for the principal places in the West of England, Somerset, Dorset, Wilts, Hants, the Isle of Wight, &c. Combined rail and sea trips have also been arranged via Southampton to the Channel Islands, and the French coast for Paris, picturesque Normandy, Brittany, &c., from Waterloo, the tickets being available for fourteen days or less. Full particulars are given in a compact little programme, fully indexed, which can be obtained at any of the Company's offices.

### THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

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